

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 21, 1980

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Seve Ballesteros
Triumphs at Augusta



FINAL R

Official 1979 Ball Count

#1

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#1

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Over on the L.P.G.A. Tour, more pros played Titleist than all other balls combined. Here too, while Titleist usage was going up, the other balls, as a group, were going down.

#1

MAJOR AMATEUR EVENTS

No exception were the best amateurs in the country playing in their top events. In the U.S.G.A. Amateur, for example, eight times as many chose Titleist as any other ball. And nearly 50% more played Titleist in '79 than did in '78.

Source: Dunlop Sports Company



RESULTS.

#1

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#1

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Susan Grans, Terry Deht, Bill Gaffes, Kathy Mani. Fourth Row: Steve Melnyk, Eddie Pearce, Fred Marti, Phil Rodgers, Johnny Jacobs.

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CONTENTS

APRIL 21, 1980 Volume 52 No. 17

Cover photograph by John Jacoby

The Reign of Spain 26

Except for one jittery hour, 23-year-old Severino Ballesteros ruled the Masters with an iron hand, subjugating America's finest **by Dan Jenkins**

The Decision: No Go on Moscow 30

After a U.S. Olympic Committee vote to support a boycott, the 1980 Games are over long before they start for American athletes **by Kenny Moore**

A Whiff of Spring in Houston 34

Replete with strikeouts and, alas, the Astros opened with J.R. Richard's two-hitter and, oops, a home run by Nolan Ryan **by Larry Keith**

The Way the Ball Bounces 42

Not only does Ed Brodeur invent tennis surfaces, but he also uses the "dynamics" of the court to predict who'll win **by Ray Kennedy**

Mo and Red See It Through 50

How a young Celtics fan found a champion in the Boston coach, suffered with him during the dark days and shared his joy **by Jonathan Schwartz**

Starting Out or Ending Up 86

The Penn Circuit can be the road to glory or the road to nowhere for tennis pros hoping to move up to the big-time tour **by Barry McDermott**

The Departments

Scorecard	21	Bowling	71	For the Record	111
Baseball	58	Boxing	75	19th Hole	114
Swimming	67	Hockey	80	Credits on page 177	

Next Week

THERE'S A LONG, LONG ROAD AHEAD between Hopkinton and Boston, and more than 8,000 runners, including the defending champion, Bill Rodgers, will be taking it while they participate in the 34th Boston Marathon. Kenny Moore reports.

SEE 'EM ALL. Yes, see every one of the 26 teams play in 13 days. That was a baseball fan's dream. Fly to Cinchy, then to Chicago, on to Texas, up to Canada, to the Coast. A frenetic journal by Daniel Okrent, who tried and succeeded—sort of.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-8270) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during the second four weeks in March, plus two issues combined and one by Time Inc. 541 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610. Principal office: Publisher: Dr. H. W. 10020 J.R. Shop, Inc., President, 2 Wilson Avenue, Tremont, C.B. Box 222, Secretary: Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of cash U.S. subscription, \$3.00 a year. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, 7700/LP/2 Building, 541 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

Problem is, with today's energy crisis, the man on the right is wasting both fuel and money. Gas prices alone make the trip expensive. And his auto insurance premium is higher than it has to be.

The man on the left has decided to conserve and save. When the gasoline shortage began, he and some neighbors started carpooling to work. So together they consume less gas. That cuts expenses right there. What's more, because each of them drives fewer miles, they save money on their auto insurance as well.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we're doing our best to help you keep your insurance rates affordable. That's why most auto insurers are offering discounts to those individuals who reduce the total number of miles or times they drive to work.

For example, people who normally drive 30 miles to and from work every day can save up to 22% on car insurance premiums just by carpooling. All they have to do is drive to work two days a week instead of five.

People who switch to public transportation to get to work save even more on their premiums—up to 31% in some states. Their car becomes classified "for pleasure use only," a less expensive category.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

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- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute and the National Automobile Theft Bureau.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars and roads safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.

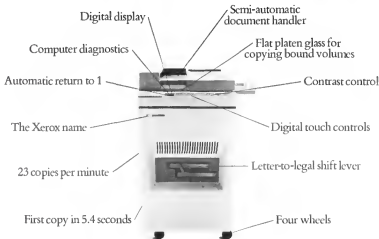
Here's what you can do:

- Cut down on your driving by carpooling or by using public transportation.
- Use your auto seat belt and shoulder harness.
- Talk to your insurance agent or company about ways to lower the cost of your auto insurance coverage.
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How locking federal lands away from oil and natural gas exploration will lower your family's standard of living.

For some time now, the United States has been increasing its oil imports—at higher costs year after year. When more and more dollars leave the country to pay for this oil, the effect is a lessening in the value of the dollar and a nibbling away at every American's standard of living.

To help cut its dependency on foreign oil, America must produce more oil and natural gas here at home. Our country has rich, untapped reserves, the problem is that much of them are under federal lands. About a third of our country is controlled by the federal government. Most of this land is currently off limits to energy exploration and development. And proposed legislation would shut these lands off permanently

Energy lands should be developed.

Just one example. In the Rockies of Idaho, Montana, Utah and Wyoming, a mineral-rich geologic area that's part of the "Overthrust Belt" contains an estimated 8 billion barrels of oil and 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. But nearly half of this land may be put off limits.

Some government land management people feel that they have to draw a permanent line on land use, a line protecting every facet of the environment in its natural state from oil and natural gas development. At Amoco, we believe that energy can be produced on these lands while maintaining their natural integrity.

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Now don't get us wrong. We are not for the wholesale exploitation of America's natural wilderness. But we would like to be able to explore public lands to find those having the potential for holding oil and natural gas deposits. Further, we'd like to be permitted to drill

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CANADA

Footloose

by BARRY McDERMOTT

VISITORS TO THE BIG APPLE MAY NOW SERIOUSLY INQUIRE: TENNIS, ANYONE?

For the traveler, New York City always has been a Mecca that offers just about everything—except a reasonable place to play tennis. Oh, there are tennis courts in the city—quite a few, in fact. And some of them, at least during the summer months, are even free. Of course most of these courts have barbed-wire nets and a surface of a unique composition: a film of ground glass over a pocked asphalt base.

The indoor court situation is quite different, but not much better. For about \$20 an hour you can play in Midtown at one of those bubble facilities where balls from adjacent courts come ricocheting at you every few seconds. These places are usually booked solid, and even with a reservation it is difficult to get inside them. Because of the high air pressure needed to keep the bubble

inflated, it often takes two or three strong people just to get through the revolving door and onto the courts.

For the Fila and Tacchini crowd and anyone else who can afford to adopt a cavalier attitude toward money, there are better indoor courts with spacious locker rooms and indirect lighting. Unfortunately, during prime time these courts can cost as much as \$40 an hour.

But now, especially for the traveler, there is an alternative to broken glass and busted bank accounts that offers reasonable prices and a vicarious thrill to boot. The USTA's National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow Park, the same place where Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors strut their stuff, is open to the public, and the fees read more like Dubuque than New York.

The Tennis Center has nine indoor courts that go for \$12 to \$16 an hour, depending on the time of day. The complex also has 24 outdoor courts that are open from mid-April until October and are available for \$6 to \$10 an hour.

As for the facilities, the National Tennis Center has everything but hot tubs. The locker rooms are large and well appointed, and there is a complete tennis shop. The pro-

fessional teaching staff is directed by Vitas Gerulaitis Sr., of whose son you may have heard. During the winter, Vitas Jr., McEnroe, Peter Fleming and other notable pros often practice at the Center. This presents a dilemma for amateurs. They can stand in an upstairs lounge and watch the best players in the world play the game, for free, or they can go out on the courts and pay to double fault.

The best thing about the Tennis Center, however, is its location. It sits between New York's two main airports, LaGuardia and Kennedy. The traveling racket addict can finish work in town, grab a cab to the tennis courts, play a couple of sets, shower and be only minutes away from a plane ride home. The courts also can be reached by subway or car, because the Tennis Center is located adjacent to both Grand Central Parkway and the Van Wyck Expressway. There is ample free parking.

Court reservations can be made up to two days in advance by calling 212-592-8000. The Center is open from 9 a.m. to midnight, and during the outdoor season there is also a restaurant on the premises. Tennis in New York at a reasonable price... now the city has everything.

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

AN OUTDOOR DUO: RIVER WITH A BRIGHT FUTURE, WATERFOWL THAT MERIT ONE

Amid the ghet of books on the outdoors, two new works stand out, both by writers who know their fields as well as, if not better than, anyone else. The first of these is Charles E. Brooks' *The Living River* (Nack Lyon Books/Doubleday, \$17.50), a solid volume that more than lives up to its lengthy subtitle, "A Fisherman's Intimate Profile of the Madison River Watershed—Its History, Ecology, Lore and Angling Opportunities." The author of three highly regarded books on trout fishing, Brooks is a onetime migrant farm worker who, after a hitch in the Air Force, settled in Montana to fish and write (SI, Sept. 3, 1979). *The Living River* is by far his most ambitious work, addressed to a wider audience and covering an extraordinary variety of subjects, ranging from Indians to land use to earthquakes.

A tributary of the Missouri, the 180-mile-long Madison begins where the Gibbon and Firehole rivers converge in Yellowstone Park. Often rated as the No. 1 trout stream in the country, the Madison owes its esteem, in regard to its upper reaches, at least, to minerals carried in solution from fissures deep in the earth. The upper Madison contains more than 100 parts per million of calcium bicarbonates, and for the reader who asks, "So what?" calcium bicarbonates are perhaps the single most valuable building block for aquatic life. This is the main reason why the plants, aquatic insects and fish (all of which Brooks, who has studied them underwater, reports on in fascinating detail) are able to thrive in this beautiful stream.

Although trappers invaded the region soon after Lewis and Clark discovered the Madison in 1805, the river has managed to escape exploitation because its watershed, for all the elements in the river itself, doesn't contain enough minerals of value to support mining, and the soil is not rich enough for agriculture. Even ranchers are hard-pressed to make a living in the valley of the middle Madison. The grass is thin and sparse, and as much as 20 to 25 acres are needed to sustain one cow, a rancher must have access to at least 6,000 acres to carry 200 head of cattle, just enough to support a one-family ranch.

Next to stock raising, tourism is the largest industry along the Madison, based in part on good fishing. The local people realize this, and although overgrazing and clear-cutting are still problems, Brooks says, "The land is being managed now better than it ever has since the white man came."

George Reiger paints a darker, but not necessarily pessimistic, picture about waterfowl in *The Wings of Dawn* (Stein and Day, \$29.95). The Washington editor of *Audubon* and conservation editor of *Field & Stream*, Reiger is an exceptionally informed and articulate writer who is able, without putting on airs, to refer to the language of Sophocles or Shakespeare when discussing Delaware River decoys. Although he is candid about the harm some of his fellow hunters have inflicted on ducks and geese in the name of "sport," he sees no reason to apologize for his love of waterfowling. Indeed, one of his themes is that the conservation movement owes its start to such naturalist/hunters as George Bird Grinnell, the founder of the Audubon Society, and Theodore Roosevelt, who once demanded that his Cabinet pay attention to birdlife so as to sharpen the mind for the chores of government.

The Wings of Dawn covers waterfowling in all its aspects, from the origins of the sport to the life histories of ducks and geese to decoys and the future of the sport. "In most parts of North America, the prognosis is grim," Reiger writes, mainly because of habitat destruction. Still, Reiger is a cheerful soul who has many a story, the entertaining as well as the damning, to tell. He was once a judge in the competition for the national duck stamp design, and he writes that the winning artist now stands to make more than \$1 million selling prints of his original. Some states are trying to get in on the gravy train by selling bird stamps of their own, even though they have no idea of what they're going to do with the money. Reiger writes, "The irresponsible approach to the duck stamp concept assumed by a few states is characterized by the fact that Indiana's premier issue was copied by state biologist J. 'Sonny' Bashore from a jumping green-winged teal design on the June 1955 cover of the Ohio Conservation Bulletin, originally painted by Edward J. Berly, three-time national duck stamp contest winner. When Bashore attempted to market prints of his plagiarism, he was confronted by Berly, who persuaded Bashore to sign a confession of guilt in exchange for a promise that he would not be prosecuted. However, Ed Berly did expect the state of Indiana to publicize the shame of its first duck stamp and, moreover, to adopt duck stamp contest regulations similar to those used by the federal government. Instead, Indiana has continued on its own suborn course. In the best tradition of bureaucratic loyalty, the state had Bashore produce another duck stamp for the 1977 season. Furthermore, art dealers continue to sell the 'Bashore teal' to unknowing customers." Reiger recognizes no sacred cows, not even Ducks Unlimited. "Not all waterfowl restoration is done with dikes and pipes and pumping stations," says DU member Reiger, adding, "a good organization can always be made better."

END



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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER IF YOU USE THAT HAND-POWERED LAWN MOWER

In *Anna Karenina* there is a fine scene in which the novel's protagonist, Levin, a landowner, spends a long, hot summer day cutting grass with his serfs. It is one of the happiest days of his life. The hard, honest labor, the handling of the scythe, the camaraderie, the communion with nature, the sense of a job well done—these are joyful feelings.

Though I've never owned an estate or learned to use a scythe, I do have pleasant memories of the many hours I spent as a boy cutting grass in western Pennsylvania. A friend and I would start off on a Saturday morning, lawn mowers in tow, knock on doors and offer our services for 50¢ or a dollar, depending on the difficulty of the lawn. On a good day we'd end up exhausted and satisfied, with perhaps three dollars apiece.

Because of my boyhood memories and my admiration for Levin, I've never bought a power mower. A dozen years ago, when my

family and I moved into our present house, we found one in a dark corner of the garage, and I was foolish enough to use it a couple of times. But the noise was unbearable, and the fumes obliterated the lovely odor of freshly cut grass. No exercise was involved, so there wasn't any feeling of accomplishment, either. How low could a reader of Tolstoy get?

As a garage sale I found a push mower for \$2.50, and I've been using it ever since. With the approach of spring, I decided to give the machine its yearly overhaul the other day. It was a shock to discover that the handle was cracked, that one wheel was broken and the other was out of alignment, and that one of the blades was badly chipped and the others hopelessly dull. What they say in regard to humans applies to lawn mowers, too. Old age sneaks up. It takes one by surprise.

Because the lawn mower was beyond repair, I started phoning hardware stores.

"What's a push lawn mower?" the first clerk I talked to asked.

"One you push around," I explained.

"You mean without a motor?"

"Right, that's it."

"We don't carry those. Haven't for years."

"Why not?"

"Nobody wants them."

"Could you order one?"

"Sorry. No."

After three more hardware stores, I switched my efforts to department stores. None carried push mowers, either. Montgomery Ward offered three models in its catalogue, ranging in price from \$43 to \$117, but the clerk whom I talked to couldn't predict how long delivery might take, because he couldn't remember anyone having ordered one before.

I decided not to order, certain that at a garage sale I could find what I wanted for less than \$43. But that isn't really the point. I'm troubled by what I've discovered through this.

If Americans care about physical fitness—as we're so often told these days—I don't see how so many of them can, in good conscience, pass up a weekly chance for moderate exercise that will surely benefit the arms, legs, lungs and heart, not to mention the psyche. And if we really want to conserve oil, how can we follow those obnoxious little motors around our yards all summer?

Here in America, if we create a demand, a supply is sure to follow. The makers of power mowers could easily switch to push mowers, and we'd all be better off. If you won't listen to me, listen to Tolstoy.

END

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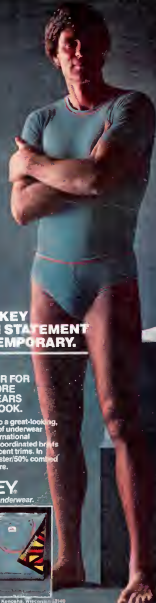
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A GEOGRAPHER CHARTS AN ANTIDOTE TO EXCESSES OF COLLEGE RECRUITING

No one who's been keeping up with the latest round of scandals in college athletics is likely to argue with John F. Rooney Jr. He writes, "The recruiting game—its national dimensions, high costs, reliance on people from outside the university community, and pervasive dishonesty—is collegiate sport's most miserable affliction."

Agreed. So what are we going to do about it? Rooney, the author of *The Recruiting Game* (University of Nebraska Press, \$12.95), suggests a radical solution: he wants to "separate the athletic function, the revenue sports, from the traditional form of university control and allow a select group of collegiate football and basketball teams to become second-order, or minor league if you prefer, professional franchises located in the university communities."

His idea is "to eliminate the hypocrisy surrounding the student-athlete myth." That's a laudable goal, but wouldn't the professionalization of big-time college sports in fact be capitulation to the evils of the current system—an acknowledgment that the colleges are incapable of policing themselves? Wouldn't it be more responsible to beef up the NCAA's tiny, 13-man enforcement staff and put some real muscle behind all its rhetoric about the "student-athlete"?

Those are very important questions for colleges to consider; the virtue of Rooney's book is that it forces the reader to come to grips with them. Though his own proposals are certainly open to dispute, his facts—and Rooney provides a great many of them—are useful indeed.

Rooney is professor of geography at Oklahoma State. In *The Recruiting Game* he uses his expertise in geography to provide unique, informative maps that show where players come from and where they go. We learn that 44% of California high school football players take their skills to out-of-state colleges, as do 65% of Illinois basketball players. His maps and charts show players crisscrossing the nation in search of places to play—and thereby underscore the truly national scope of the recruiting problem.

There's lots more here, a revealing, depressing diary kept by a college recruiter, a compilation of data on cheating, information about where specific big-time schools find their players, a brief history of recruiting practices. Rooney's prose is something less than scintillating, but he does the job. He gives us the facts.

END

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Footloose

by ANDY WEISLER

WHAT IS NEITHER GOLF NOR AN OLYMPIC SPORT? OLYMPIC GOLF, THAT'S WHAT

Small is beautiful. Less is more. Two nice slogans for the '80s perhaps, but not particularly applicable to golf. The sport gobbles resources in the grand manner. A championship-size course demands a huge amount of land—about 155 acres—consumes thousands of gallons of water and requires an expensive and extensive support staff. Attempts have been made to streamline and miniaturize golf, but the consequence has been either to eliminate the long tee shot or to rely on windmills, loop-the-loops and clowns' mouths.

But now there is Olympic Golf. The invention of a 59-year-old California golf-course developer named Ted Vallis. Olympic Golf—which has no connection with the Olympic Games—was designed to eliminate the grandiose aspects of the sport while retaining its challenges and satisfactions. "I got

the idea while watching the touring pros simulate different shots off the practice tee," says Vallis. "The pros aim at caddies they position at various points along the fairway."

Vallis has imitated this training technique by squeezing many of the vital elements of a course onto 10 acres. His game is a sort of target practice, but Olympic Golf offers a unique opportunity to the golfer with imagination. By using a scorecard from one of the world's great courses the golfer can "play" these courses, although the only feature he'll really be able to duplicate is the length of the holes.

Visitors to the first—and, so far, only—Olympic Golf course, on the outskirts of Palm Springs, are confronted with a grassy rectangle 170 yards wide and 320 yards long. At the "clubhouse" end are 18 AstroTurf driving mats that face toward nine greens-sized bodies of water, each of which is equipped with a flag and surrounded by bunkers. The distance from the tee is marked off in 10-yard increments by bold signs and lines, and behind each driving mat is a small putting green and a tiny sand trap.

Playing the course requires a bucket of balls, a deft touch and lots of creative thinking. Each golfer may use an Olympic Golf scorecard that gives the length and par for

each of the 18 holes to be played; he may supply his own scorecard from any other course, or he may simply wing it and improvise the length and par for a hole as he begins to play it. A new ball is used for each shot, and the holes need not be played in any particular order. Say, for instance, a hole is designated as a 360-yard par-4, and the golfer's drive, which the player attempts to hit straightaway without hitting any of the "greens" that serve as hazards during this phase of the game, is 200 yards. Leaving the first ball out on the "fairway," he puts down a second one, consults the Olympic Golf map that tells him which of the nine water-greens to shoot for if he has left himself with a 160-yard approach shot, and aims for that flag. A resounding splash signals success. After reaching the "green," the golfer goes to the putting surface behind his tee, places his ball at the spot corresponding to the one where his approach splashed down on the "green" and holes out.

A round of Olympic Golf takes about 90 minutes and costs \$5. The sportsman must be willing to forego the scenic splendor of a conventional course, the ever-changing playing surface and some of the exercise regular golf provides. But how else can you play Pebble Beach for a couple of bucks? **END**



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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

THIS RED SOX HISTORIAN GOES BACK SO FAR THAT HE SAW THE BABE PITCH

Who's your favorite all-time Red Sox player? Carl Yastrzemski? Ted Williams? Jimmie Fox? Joe Cronin? Lefty Grove? Tris Speaker? Babe Ruth? Smokey Joe Wood? Cy Young? None of the above, says Ellery H. Clark Jr. His choice: the immortal Harry Hooper.

Clark deserves to be taken seriously. The official Red Sox historian for the past five years, he has written three books on the team and collected more than 1,000 cards, pictures, paintings, letters and other Sox memorabilia. As a retired professor of history at the U.S. Naval Academy, he is equipped to judge events of the past, be they martial or sporting. As a race walker who was asked to try out for the Olympics and as a "junk" pitcher who was offered a scholarship in Dartmouth (he turned down both to study at Harvard), he understands the nature of competition. And as the most successful coach in Navy history—one of his charges was a plucky cross-country runner named Jimmy Carter—he has insight into managing as well.

Undoubtedly, Clark is a popular figure in baseball-eratic New England, but he merits national attention, too. After all, the Red Sox could be called baseball's version of America's Team. They engaged our attention with their "impossible dream" pennant in 1967, won our affection in the wondrous 1975 World Series and broke hearts from Burlington to Bakersfield in 1978's Game of the Decade, when they were felled by the mighty bat of Bucky Dent.

Now, a few words about the late Mr. Hooper. A close friend and correspondent of Clark's, Hooper played outfield for the Sox from 1909 through 1920. It was his catch of Lurry Doyle's certain home run that saved the final game of the 1912 World Series.

"Hooper was simply my kind of player, a leadoff hitter who could get on base and was swift about both on base and in the field," says Clark, who has suffered with Boston's tragically flawed, power-conscious teams of recent vintage. Slung by a variety of heartbreakers—the seven-game losses in the 1946, 1967 and 1975 Series, the playoff defeats of 1948 and 1978, and numerous pennant and divisional drives that fell short—many Boston fans have affected what *The New Yorker's* Roger Angell calls an air of "Calvinist self-doubt." These pessimists, insists Clark, "are prejudiced people, not fans." In defense of his theory that most Boston fans are optimists, Clark has a file of 836 pro-Sox letters

from men and women of all ages. Granting that modern Boston teams have been frequent disappointments, Clark notes that the Red Sox were the best clutch team in baseball during the first two decades of the century. Despite the skills of those earlier Bostonians, Clark prefers the 1967 pennant winners, calling them "my favorite team ever." But Clark is neither hopeful nor despairing—a product, he says, of his half-Yankee, half-Italian heritage.

When asked to compare modern and old-time players, most baseball historians recall the '20s, '30s or '40s. Clark can look all the way back to the teens. "The Red Sox then were like a family," he says. "There was no Sunday baseball, and the entire team would go to Revere Beach on days off."

Clark speaks of his own endurance, a classic Navy trait, as seeing him through the down years. He has known six generations of players and as the first game he attended, in 1918, Babe Ruth was pitching, so he feels adequately compensated for his longtime devotion.

His books—*Boston Red Sox 75th Anniversary Edition, 1901-1975*, *Red Sox Forever* and *Red Sox Fever*—are sentimental, formally written and admittedly uncritical. But in a fun, Clark feels free to explore arcane subjects that wouldn't interest "professional" writers. He delves into scorecard advertisements, creates numerous statistical charts, makes up trivia quizzes, exchanges correspondence with players and scouts and examines the phenomenon of long-lived players. "I researched the lifespan of the players on the first 11 Red Sox teams, and they averaged 70 years," he says. "I attribute their longevity to several factors, including heredity, diet, exercise and luck. But there's another important reason. A lot of Red Sox went on to become successful college coaches and lived long, happy lives. I coached and taught for the same reason. Every 12 months you get one year older, but the athletes stay in the same general age group. It's good to be around young people—it keeps you young."

Cases in point are the white-haired Clark, 71, and his wife, Grace, a British-trained choreographer and ballet instructor. The Clarks divide their time between their Victorian house in Annapolis, Md., and their summer home in Cohasset, south of Boston. They are avid collectors—duck decoys, Falkland Island stamps, English figurines, family portraits (Clark's father, Ellery Sr., was a double winner, in the high and broad jumps, at the 1896 Olympics, and his ancestor William Ellery was a signer of the Declaration of Independence)—but the Red Sox are never far from mind. A Clark dog is named Teddy after Ted Williams, a Clark cat is called Mr. Boston, and Ellery drives a red car with RED SOX on the license plate. To the ultimate authority and fan, something Pitcher Les Stange said to him in 1967 has the highest priority. "Mr. Clark," said Stange, "We've got to win." **END**

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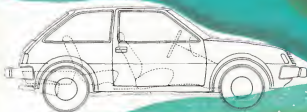
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SCORECARD

Edited by STEVE WULF

WHERE IT STOPS...

The corruption in Arizona college football seems to run about as deep as the Grand Canyon. Last fall Arizona State Coach Frank Kush was dismissed for trying to cover up the fact that he had hit a player, and shortly thereafter the Sun Devils forfeited five of their six victories because of revelations that eight players' academic credits had been falsified. Last week the University of Arizona lost its football coach, Tony Mason, when he resigned after having been accused of submitting phony expense reports and committing violations of recruiting rules and other NCAA regulations.

Both the *Tucson Citizen* and *The Arizona Daily Star* have been on Mason's case since January, and they have charged, among other things, that he filed expense reports for trips he never took, that promises of free trips home and money were made to recruits and that players were given loans and no-show jobs. Most of the allegations center around the travel expenses. Vouchers were made out for airplane tickets and per diem on 10 imaginary trips. In addition, Mason submitted expense reports that resulted in his being doubly reimbursed. Mason defended these practices as necessary to cover his and his assistants' "out-of-pocket expenses" that the state would not pay. The expenses, he said, included such items as drinks, movie tickets, shoeshines and Lifesavers.

That doesn't explain, though, the \$6,000 allegedly paid to players by the Tucson Parks and Recreation Department for work they did not perform. Or the trip, paid for out of athletic-department funds, for the woman from California who stayed in a room at a resort while she was in Tucson. The university says the trip was a thank-you for her assistance in West Coast recruiting. Her former husband happened to own a massage parlor.

One player, a starter for Arizona, was quoted last week as saying that he received three sizable loans from Mason

on the understanding that he didn't have to pay the money back. "The coach told me it was no problem," said the player, "that he could help me out but that I would have to pay him back. Then he laughed to let me know I didn't really."

The Arizona athletic department is now faced with the twofold task of quickly finding a successor to Mason and conducting an investigation of its football program. Donald Myers, a former Arizona faculty chairman, says, "There ought to be more than merely an administrative investigation. I don't think the resignation [of Mason] itself solves the problem. The real problem is the prevention of recurrences in the future." While Athletic Director Dave Strack stopped short of directly defending Mason, he did say, "The per diem and other reimbursements authorized by the state do not begin to cover the amounts that these coaches actually pay for their expenses." Maybe he should just tell his coaches to take it easy on the Lifesavers.

...NOBODY KNOWS

The last word on that Speech Communication 380 course at Southern Cal (SCORECARD, March 31) is that 26 enrolled athletes who never attended it and were allowed to take a makeup will now have to complete a makeup of the makeup. The whole thing started last December—four weeks before the Rose Bowl—when it was discovered that the athletes, most of whom were football players, weren't attending the classes. They were then given a five-day "crash course" and, forthwith, declared by their instructor to have completed the requirements for Speech Communication 380. But last week Southern Cal President John R. Hubbard announced that the second makeup will be required because of "irregularities discovered in the conduct of the first makeup." Among the irregularities was the submission by some student-athletes of work that was not their own.

The course has already cost the speech instructor and the athletic department's

academic coordinator their jobs, but it isn't about to cost USC its 17-16 Rose Bowl victory over Ohio State. Both the NCAA and the Pacific-10 say that as long as the students were enrolled in the fall semester—which ends in late January—they were eligible to play. One of the ironies of the situation is that the athletes weren't even supposed to take Speech Communication 380 in the first place: the course was open only to members of the debating team.

SCHMOTOWH

The recently completed NBA and NHL regular seasons seemed to enhance Detroit's reputation as the city of champs. The Pistons, who played under coaches Dick Vitale and



Richie Adubato, lost 29 of their last 31 games to finish at 16-66, the worst record in the league and in the history of the franchise. That would have given them the first pick in the NBA draft, had they not traded their No. 1 pick away to the Celtics last fall for Bob McAdoo. The Red Wings, meanwhile, accomplished the near-impossible feat of not making the playoffs in a league in which 16 of 21 teams qualify. Coach Bobby Kromm was fired the same week as Adubato and was replaced by Marcel Pronovost, who in turn was succeeded last week by the former General Manager (Terrible) Ted Lindsay.

The NFL Lions won all of two games in 1979, but fortunately they held on to their No. 1 draft pick, who will probably be Oklahoma Halfback Billy Sims, although Sims' agent, Dr. Jerry Argovitz, says the Lions aren't even in the Silverdome as far as prospective contract money is concerned.

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Detroit's most successful team is the Tigers, who last season had the misfortune of playing in the strongest division in baseball: their 85-76 record was good for only fifth in the AL East. The Tigers' World Series win of 12 years ago was Motown's most recent major championship. The Lions' last title of any kind came in 1957, which was two years after the Red Wings won their last Stanley Cup. The Pistons haven't won much of anything since abandoning Fort Wayne in 1957. The four teams have had 50 managers and coaches, some of them twice, since 1956. With two years under his belt, Monte Clark, coach of the Lions, is the senior man in town.

The funny thing is, Detroit fans keep coming back for more. This season the Red Wings attracted more people—15,104 per game—than they ever had, thanks in part to the opening of Joe Louis Arena, while the Pistons had their second-highest attendance ever. The Tigers pulled in more than 1.6 million fans in 1979, and the Lions had the sixth-largest average gate in the NFL, 67,500 a game. But the natives are restless. Bumper stickers around town read **BRING PROFESSIONAL SPORTS BACK TO DETROIT**, and a new organization called **DEAD**, for Detroiters Enraged At Deadports (anything for an acronym), has been gaining strength. Taking a cue from fans in the City of Champions, Pittsburgh, the Detroit insurgents have been distributing **DEAD Towels**. They are not for waving, though. They are for crying into.

Wasn't it nice of us not to mention Chrysler?

TECHNICAL

Last week when 7'4" freshman Ralph Sampson politely declined the Celtics' offer to make him the NBA's top draft choice and announced that he would continue his college career at the University of Virginia for at least one more season, there were sighs of relief in Charlottesville and cries of outrage from Boston. "The people who advised him to stay in school will have trouble sleeping nights," said Celtic General Manager Red Auerbach. "They're taking away earning potential he'll never get back, and they're forgetting that if he gets hit by a car, it's the end of the line. It's ridiculous. If he were an intellectual genius and was planning on being a surgeon, you could see him wanting to go to school." Auerbach added that Sampson

and his parents were being "hoodwinked by a few glad-handers."

This comes from a man who has a master's degree in education from George Washington University.

CUB REPORTER

Dave (Kong) Kingman, the Cubs' major league home-run champion, made his debut as a columnist two weeks ago for the *Chicago Tribune*. Kingman, who has already been reprimanded by the league this spring for dumping a bucket of ice water over the head of sportswriter Don Friske of the Arlington Heights (Ill.) *Daily Herald*, poured some more cold water on the journalism profession in his first column. In a long-winded and platitudinous piece ghostwritten by free-lancer Gerald Pfeiffer, Kingman promised "not to invent imaginary turmoil simply to fill up space" and not to "partake in the 'headline' game practiced by so many writers who have convinced themselves they must compete for your readership using any ploy whatsoever." Kingman explained that although his first inclination was to turn down the offer of a column, "I soon began playing with the idea of what it would be like getting quoted accurately for a change." He also allowed as how the Cubs might just surprise some people.

The same day that Kingman made his debut, Mike Royko, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the rival *Chicago Sun-Times*, relinquished his space to slugger Dave Dingsdorf, who introduced himself as "the tall, dark, handsome leftfielder who hits those towering homers. I'd be a standout anywhere, but especially in Wrigley Field, because most of my teammates are nothings." Dingsdorf went on to write, "You might wonder why I've broken my legendary silence. Well, I'm a frank and honest person. And to be frank and honest, I'll do anything for a buck, even break my legendary silence. And if you wonder why I've been silent so long, it's because basically I'm a shallow, self-centered person who has few ideals and nothing to say."

FALL GUY

Three weeks ago, Dave Green lay motionless in the ring in Landover, Md. for several moments after being knocked out in the fourth round by WBC welterweight champion Sugar Ray Leonard. Denis Leane of *The Sunday Times* of London writes that the British Boxing

Board of Control had no business allowing Green to get into the ring with Leonard. Leane, who documented the board's complicity in the death last fall of middleweight Willie Classen (SI, March 24), points out that although Green won nine of 10 fights between June of 1977, when Carlos Palomino knocked him out, and the time of the Leonard fight, all but one of his victories were against lackluster North Americans brought to England to pad his record. Green's one loss was by knockout to 36-year-old Jorgen Hansen of Denmark.

Leane charges that four of Green's opponents arrived in England without the proper medical certification. One of them fought 52 days after being knocked out, even though he was under a 60-day suspension. It is believed that another boxer was refused a medical certificate by one doctor the night before his fight with Green, only to have a second physician pass him. With his record inflated to 33-2, Green got a No. 10 ranking from the WBC, which is heavily influenced by the British board. According to Leane, Ray Clarke, the general secretary of the BBBC, voiced fears about the Leonard-Green match and only agreed to it because he thought that Leonard didn't have a big punch. Clarke now maintains it was a reasonable match.

Of the fight, Leane concludes, "It was a sordid, sickening spectacle where one brave man was sent to take a certain beating against an opponent several classes above him in all the boxing skills. The object of this degrading event was to make money, only a small proportion of which went to Dave Green. The British Boxing Board of Control failed to protect Willie Classen in October 1979; it failed to protect Dave Green last Monday night."

THEY SAID IT

• Merv Rettenmund, California coach, on weak-throwing star, Don Baylor: "He's the guts of the Angels, our triple threat. He can hit, run and lob."

• Ken Stabler, the Houston Oilers' new quarterback, on his life-style: "There's nothing wrong with reading the game plan by the light of the jukebox."

• Ed Miller, centerfielder for the Atlanta Braves, on his goals for his first full season in the majors: "I plan to hit .330, make no more than three errors in the outfield and steal 85 bases—100 bases if I wasn't a team man."

END



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THE REIGN OF SPAIN

Except for one jittery hour, 23-year-old Severiano Ballesteros ruled the Masters with an iron hand, humbling our finest **by DAN JENKINS**

All week long Severiano Ballesteros seemed to be playing a different Masters Tournament from anyone else, including most of the recognizable Americans—unless, of course, you happen to be a close follower of such golfing legends as Jeff Mitchell, Rex Caldwell, Ed Fiori and Gibby Gilbert. These were the competitors we sent out to chase the handsome 23-year-old Spaniard as he went about suggesting that he may be the real Tom Watson. In the end, after the expectable traumas on the back nine holes of the Augusta National course, all they determined was that Gilbert was low American.

Ballesteros started becoming the youngest winner of the Masters on Thursday, when he attacked the premises with a six-under-par 66. That gave him a share of the lead with Australia's David Graham and moved four strokes ahead of the field, his closest pursuers being Graham and Jeff Mitchell of the U.S. of A. The young star of global golf continued on Friday when he shot a three-under-par 69 and moved four strokes ahead of the field, his closest pursuers being Graham and Rex Caldwell of the U.S. of A. The next thing Ballesteros did was fire a four-under-par 68 on Saturday, which left him with a seven-stroke lead over Ed Fiori of the U.S. of A.

At this point it was fascinating—or appalling—to contemplate that our own heroes who had been nearest Ballesteros on the scoreboard—Mitchell, Caldwell

and Fiori—were all appearing in the Masters for the first time and that among them they held two victories on the PGA tour, a Phoenix Open for Mitchell and a Southern Open for Fiori. It was thus not all that surprising that Gilbert would make the boldest run on Sunday afternoon with a final-round 67, which got him a tie for second place with still another foreigner, Australia's Jack Newton. After all, Gilbert had won the Memphis Classic back in 1976.

Ballesteros had his delicate moments in good old Amen Corner in the heat and shadows of Sunday afternoon when he saw seven strokes of his lead go fluttering away. A lesser golfer might have been stricken. But Ballesteros went back to hitting the wonderful golf shots that had put him where he was in the first place. He steadied himself as suddenly as he had lost his tempo and composure from the 10th green through the 13th hole. He slowed down, got comfortable and nailed a beauty of a tee shot on the 15th. It went more than 300 yards, into the perfect spot to get him easily home in two for a two-putt birdie. It was this steady-lying birdie that more or less ended the tournament and allowed Ballesteros to come in with an even-par 72 in the final round and a total of 275.

The Masters was Ballesteros' second major championship; he won the British Open last July. Never did he deserve to

lose it, for he had simply lapped the field. When he went to the last nine holes on Sunday with a 10-shot lead on everybody, it raised the question of whether the American pros are spending too much time getting rich off their eighth-place finishes. Ballesteros is not only immensely talented, having both length and style, but he is also obviously hungry. Anyone can stumble into one major championship. It takes a rare ability of one kind or another to win two of them.

Ballesteros seems destined to take many more majors. Consider what his game combines: the length of a younger Jack Nicklaus, the boldness of a 1960s Arnold Palmer and the putting touch of a Ben Crenshaw.

There can be no question that Ballesteros has profited from playing golf in places besides Florida and California. In winning such titles as the Dutch, French, Swiss, Japanese, German, Kenya and Scandinavian opens, and proving he can take the big ones against the best the U.S. has to offer, he is a strong argument for the case that international travel not only broadens the mind but improves the grip and the swing.

Ballesteros has a beautiful swing from the setup to beyond the follow-through, and he is so strong that on those occasions when the swing leaves him and his ball winds up in utterly crazy places, he has both the muscle and the instinct to rescue himself.

The swing leaves him less frequently now than it did last summer when he kept trying to drive the ball off the grounds of Royal Lytham and St. Annes but kept finding it and hitting it on the green. He has pulled back some of his length and refuses to take the wild slash every single time, as he once did. But he does still come out of his shoes now and then.

When Ballesteros did so at Augusta, all the more incredible things happened. Which gave him the opportunity to say, "Drive fairway all the time, no fun. Make big hook, cause excitement."

One of the more exciting moments occurred long before Ballesteros' escapades

continued



on Amen Corner. On Friday he hit the biggest hook in the history of leftward trajectories at the 17th hole, and his ball wound up on the 7th green—roughly the equivalent of aiming at Kansas from New York and hitting Mississippi.

The result, however, was only another birdie for Seve. He took his free drop off the putting surface at the 7th hole and hit a towering blind iron shot that landed about 15 feet from the flag at the 17th, and then he rammed home the putt and threw his cap into the air the way Palmer used to.

If that is one example of the type of golf Ballesteros is capable of playing, here is another and more important one. On Saturday, at the long, uphill, par-5 8th hole, Ballesteros leaned on a three-iron shot from exactly 245 yards away and put the ball within five feet of the pin. He made that putt for his eagle on the way to the prodigious lead he was building.

The fact is that 245 yards with a three-iron is not only against the law, it is inhuman. Even if the ball doesn't go straight. But a straight 245 yards with a three-iron is Severiano Ballesteros. Watson, who has ruled the game for the past three years, should consider the fact that only three other golfers in history have won two or more major championships by the tender age of 23. Their names happen to be Francis Ouimet, Bobby Jones and Jack Nicklaus. Jack was the previous youngest Masters champion, having been three months older than Ballesteros.

There are different explanations for what happened to all of the American stars last week. As a group they would no doubt like to think that the rain-softened course played too easy and thus disarmed them of their talents and permitted the Mitchells, Caldwelles, Fioris and Gilberts to sail past them. It is true there was never any real wind, and the greens did hold iron shots and did not putt with the lightning speed of other years. But why didn't they take advantage of the course the way Ballesteros did?

In some cases they may have been "overprepared," and in other cases they may have "outthought" themselves. They tend to come into Augusta each spring with a game plan and a parcel of theories about the correct way to play every hole. What Ballesteros appears to do when his game plan goes wrong on a particular hole is birdie the next one by not worrying about whether to be below or above the cup. He takes out some kind

of an iron and aims at the pin, and then he hits the ball there.

Two of America's fondest hopes for this Masters were Watson and Crenshaw, who came primed for victory and looked as if they were playing superbly. Watson left his chances at the deadly little 12th hole on Saturday when he "blocked out" a seven-iron and went into the water and wound up with a triple bogey. Granted, he was something like five shots behind Ballesteros at the time. But there were many, many holes left to play, and a fierce "name" was badly needed to put some pressure on the leader.

Crenshaw wound up in a decent tie for sixth place with three consecutive sub-par rounds of 70, 68 and 69, but he had done himself in on opening day with a horrible 76. He blamed it on nerves. He was too "up" for the event. He woke up at 3:30 a.m. on Thursday and couldn't go back to sleep for thinking about the Masters, for which he knew he was so ready. Then he went out and putted like his wife, Polly, instead of himself.

Nicklaus, meanwhile, played his poorest Masters since 1967, when he missed the cut. Even a 50-year-old gentleman named Arnold Palmer beat Jack by three shots, as Nicklaus finished in a tie for 33rd. Nicklaus, whose game has still not returned to him by way of Phil Rodgers or anyone else, began by making routine bogeys and never stopped.

Many other glamorous Americans missed the 36-hole cut on a course that



Augustus Newton applies a bit of body English

was more of a slice of cake than it normally is. The one who did it the most spectacularly was Tom Weiskopf. His two-day experience at the 12th hole will live in the annals of sport for as long as men pay \$1.25 for a golf ball. At this one hole on Thursday and Friday, Weiskopf hit \$8.75 worth of balls into Rae's Creek as he made a 13 on the first day and a seven the second.

A MAN WHO HATES ATTENTION

Severiano Ballesteros padded barefoot up the stairs, looking weary. A white towel draped over his shoulder indicated his destination. Soon the shower could be heard, and then the hum of a blow drier. Downstairs in the rented house in Augusta where he was staying with his business manager, Ed Barber, friends gathered in the living room. Manuel, his 30-year-old brother, sat on the fieldstone hearth beside an antique rifle, waving his arms as he talked to the president of the Spanish Golf Federation and a Miami automobile dealer whose family is from Santander, Spain, near Ballesteros' hometown of Pedreña. Manuel was excited. One round to play and Seve with a seven-stroke lead! Manuel savored the prospects for the morrow.

Soon Ballesteros emerged, refreshed and dressed in blue slacks and a bright yellow shirt that was reflected, like a bumper, on his smooth, dark skin. He is a handsome man, not in the least boyish. With deep-set brown eyes he studied the room for a moment.

"¿Dónde está Jorge?"

"In the bedroom," someone answered, and Ballesteros went off to find his friend, Jorge Ceballos, executive director of the Spanish PGA. In a moment they returned together, laughing. Ballesteros sat down on a flowered velvet couch and was asked whether he had ever had a bigger lead before.

"Yes, once," he replied quickly. "In Spain." Clearly, he didn't wish to discuss the golf tournament.

Weiskopf at the 12th was a splendid sight for any recreational player who has trouble with his short irons or wedges. On Thursday, he kept trying to rip a wedge over the creek, and the ball kept going into the water. He would hit a shot, then hold out his hand for the caddy to hand him another ball to drop. Five balls went in on Thursday. On Friday he put two more in the drink.

On Sunday afternoon as Ballesteros went to the last nine holes, he was 16 under for the tournament, having toured the front side in three under. This had put him within one stroke of tying the 72-hole record held by Nicklaus and Raymond Floyd, and more important, it put him 10 strokes ahead of the field.

Quite clearly, Seve was playing in his own golf tournament, and it might as well have been one of those Scandinavian or Kenyan things, considering how difficult it was to find any American who could identify without a phone call to PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman.

But then over the next four holes those peculiar things began to happen the way they forever do on Masters Sunday. On those thrilling and decisive holes down in the pines and ponds of Amen Corner, Ballesteros lost seven shots to his playing companion and friend, Jack Newton. Suddenly, there was a bull game that even Gilbert, up ahead, would enter until Ballesteros regained his form.

It did not seem to matter at all when Seve three-putted the 10th green for a

bogey. It did not seem to matter much when Newton birdied the 11th. Ballesteros still had an eight-stroke lead. The only question was whether he could birdie 13 and 15 and tie the record.

Ah, but here Ballesteros was at the evil 12th—Weiskopf's hole and Watson's hole and everybody's hole at Augusta at one time or another. He hit short and into the creek as Newton put a fine shot on the green. And then he struggled to a double bogey as Newton holed the birdie putt. The Spaniard's lead was now down to five.

On the 13th, the gambling par-5 that has contributed so much to the lore of golf and the Masters, Ballesteros went for the green and wound up in the creek again as Newton reached the green, then putted for an eagle. The result was another two-stroke swing as Seve bogeyed and Newton birdied. Now the lead was down to three strokes, and Ballesteros was both frustrated and obviously flustered. Later, when he was asked what he had felt at this point and what he might have been saying to himself, he said, "The fight was on the inside for me. What I say was 'son of beech'."

He was wild off the 14th tee, but that was nothing new, and he played his usual iron shot over the trees to get his par 4. And then came the 15th when he pounded that drive into the heart of the fairway and put that four-iron over the water and onto the green for the birdie that would mean a green

jacket winding up in a European country.

Ballesteros played solidly and without incident over the last three holes for his pars and the victory he so richly deserved. The record book will say it was a four-stroke win over Jack Newton and Gibby Gilbert. Only the future will determine whether it was really a victory over Tom Watson.

END



In mid-charge on Sunday, Gilbert lives up a putt

A young woman joined a buffet line behind Ballesteros, and he immediately motioned for her to step ahead of him. She, liberated American, didn't move. He, traditional Spaniard, refused to go first. They parried and, like one of his golfing adversaries, she surrendered.

Ballesteros, mature beyond his years, is stubborn and old-fashioned. His roots are deeply set in Pedreña, a fishing village of 1,500 people on the north coast of Spain on the Bay of Biscay. There his father, Baldomero, 61, has a dairy farm, and his mother, Carmen, 60, raises vegetables with as much care and tenderness as she raised her four sons—Baldomero, 33, Vicente, 28, Manuel and Seve—golfers, all of them. Soon his parents will move from the small house where Seve was born near the 2nd hole of the Real Pedreña golf course to a new one he has built for them by the 8th hole. Manuel and Seve will live there, too. The British Open and Mas-

ters champion may be a millionaire, world traveler and bachelor darling of young girls, but he still lives with his parents.

When he is home, Seve often goes to the beach. Swimming is one form of exercise, aside from golf, that Seve can enjoy, for he suffers from a back condition that makes most exercise—and even sitting—almost unbearably painful. Long plane flights are torture.

"If I talk about my back, then I will think about the pain, and then I will feel it," he has said. "So I don't talk about it."

Talk at dinner was lively, at times argumentative, emotional, funny. Seve slouched in his chair, his shoes off. "Right here is tired," he said, pointing to his arches. He poured himself a beer, and while others talked he listened intently, his gaze fixed on the speaker.

A friend called the club to get Seve's tea time (1:48) and pairing (Jack Newton). Seve said he would rise around 11 and have the identical breakfast he had eaten that morn-

ing: four fried eggs, bacon, toast, raisin bran, grapes and coffee.

At 9:15 everyone got up from the table and Seve went into the den. *Saturday Night Fever* was on television and he leaned back in a chair, his feet moving almost imperceptibly to the beat of the Bee Gees.

"Travolta, he's very good," he remarked to no one in particular, for no one was paying attention to him.

He likes it that way. He is mobbed wherever he goes, except in Spain, and that is where he is happiest. He is uneasy being the center of attention.

"I don't like to be fussed over," Ballesteros said. "I guess I'm a strange person."

The movie ended and people started to leave. When Manuel turned to say good night to his brother, Seve was gone. It was 10 o'clock, and he had slipped off to bed, without anyone in the room noticing.

—MYRA GELBAND

THE DECISION: NO GO ON MOSCOW



"I am satisfied it was a completely right decision, while feeling desperately sorry for the athletes who have been hurt by it."

USOC President **ROBERT KANE**

With the full weight of the Presidency pledged to an American boycott of the 1980 Summer Games, the U.S. Olympic Committee—distraught, dismayed but dutiful—has acceded to the inevitable

by **KENNY MOORE**

At one point in the forced conviviality, as the 300 members of the U.S. Olympic Committee's House of Delegates assembled last weekend in Colorado Springs, USOC President Robert J. Kane was asked if he had kept a journal of his experiences during the 3½ months since President Carter had broached the idea of an Olympic boycott. Kane's sad, soft eyes narrowed as he said, "No. I couldn't stand to review anything this painful."

Kane and the USOC and the nation's 35 national sports governing bodies, not to mention its finest athletes, were inextricably caught in a vise of conflicting duties and tightening government pressure that was forcing the keepers of U.S. amateur sport toward a decision they were charged by their constitution—and for many, by their consciences—not to make, withholding the U.S. team from the Moscow Olympics.

Yet that was the decision they would reach, by a 2 to 1 margin. And in the end, though they had proved that they held their duty to their President higher than their yearning for the contests they had trained and planned for, the pain still showed. They were left exhausted and melancholy, and in some cases embittered.

Until the somber vote last Saturday afternoon, the USOC had played for time. In late January its executive board had stated it would bow to Carter's wishes if he felt that going to Moscow was harmful to national security, but the USOC would leave the final decision to its full House of Delegates. The hope was always that something would happen—perhaps a broad shift in public opinion away from favoring a boycott, perhaps a Soviet gesture in Afghanistan that could justify a modification of U.S. measures protest-

ing the invasion. Neither had occurred.

But neither had the Administration's appeals for broad international support borne immediate fruit. Carter's call to shun the Games had caught the major Western-bloc countries by surprise, and hastily organized task forces in the White House and State Department took some time to learn the peculiar, rigid ways of international sports organizations, in particular the national Olympic committees, which pride themselves on independence from governments. There was perhaps not a quick enough understanding of the strength of the international feeling that sport, unlike business or cultural exchange, ought to be kept immune even from war. Irish Amateur Athletic Federation President William Coghlan—father of miler Eamonn—gave voice to this conviction by saying, "It must be remembered that Great Britain, now supporting the boycott, herself invaded Afghanistan over the Khyber Pass something like 25 times. She's still in Ireland. Yet civilized people set that aside when we compete." Thus, international sports bodies turned a deaf ear to the Administration's call for alternative Games.

When the British Olympic Association voted three weeks ago to send a team to Moscow against the wishes of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the USOC began to nurse secret hopes that it, too, might challenge its government. Then the White House began to bear down. Sports officials were invited to the State Department for strongly worded briefings which not only presented the Administration case that a boycott was a crucial element in a coordinated U.S. response to a dangerous situation in Afghanistan, but also made it clear that extraordinary measures would be taken to see to it that the USOC had no choice but to comply.

Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti said the President could prevent athletes from participating in the Games under provisions of the International Emergency Economic Powers Act. Carter, speaking to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on Thursday, the day before the USOC meetings would convene, said, "If legal actions are necessary, then I will take those actions." At a meeting of Congressional leaders, it was reportedly suggested that the tax-

exempt status of sports organizations be examined if the boycott were not supported. There was evidence as well, despite denials from White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler, that certain corporations were pressured to withhold support from the USOC, already \$1.2 million shy of reaching its goal of \$4.4 million in contributions for the first quarter of this Olympic year. Sears, Roebuck and Co. threatened to withhold a promised contribution of \$25,000. While not ad-

mitting to knowledge of specific arm-twisting, former Treasury Secretary William Simon, the USOC treasurer, said, "The very fact that phone calls were made is in itself tragic."

AAU President Robert Helmick was incensed, saying, "We cannot allow the government to set a precedent here, because the precedent is pure coercion. Should government influence corporations on how they donate to charities? Should we stand for selective tax-exempt

continued

"History holds its breath, for what is at stake is no less than the future security of the civilized world."

Vice-President **WALTER MONDALE**



status? Selective lifting of passports?"

The athletes' feelings quickly shifted from eagerness for debate to awed recognition that the Administration would stop at little to have its way. "I didn't realize this whole thing could get so vicious," said Doris Brown Heritage, a five-time world cross-country champion.

"This kind of pressure is like death," said four-time Olympic long jumper Martha Watson. "You don't really think about it until it takes someone you love." Indeed, some athletes said their thoughts seemed an echo of those they had at the time of the Olympic terror in 1972 when, identifying with the doomed Israelis, they felt themselves hostage to men who were incapable of understanding their values, who only craved the attention they drew.

It didn't make it any easier to continually be reminded that the American public was strongly behind the President, be he coercive or not. "I was on a talk show originating in Minnesota," said modern pentathlete Loren Drum. "In an hour not one caller was opposed to the boycott." The accusation athletes all cringed to hear was that they were unpatriotic, unable to see anything more important than selfish participation in a Soviet propaganda exercise. In reply, they issued a statement reaffirming their fundamental agreement with the President's ends and saying it was only on the means that they differed. They believed that a stronger protest could be made by going to Moscow, competing, but not taking part in the opening, closing and medal ceremonies.

"What was the most effective use of symbol?" asked marathoner Don Kardong. "The African boycott of the Montreal Games, which passed without a ripple, or the raised fist of Tommie Smith on the victory stand at Mexico City in 1968, which is indelible in the memory of everyone who saw it?"

Some delegates writhed between the horns of their dilemma. "I feel I have no choice but to support the President or be perceived as supporting the Russians," said Dr. T. E. Dillon of the National Rifle Association. "I resent that."

The Soviets themselves were agitated by the force of the Administration's campaign. TASS, the Soviet news agency, had said Carter has used sports more "brazenly and cynically" than anyone in Olympic history. Word of the possibility of a U.S. boycott had reached the Soviet public, but as of early this week the USOC vote had not been reported in the Soviet press.

The White House certainly took the USOC House of Delegates meeting seriously. On short notice Vice-President Mondale flew to Colorado Springs the afternoon before the vote, bringing along Cutler, deputy White House counsels Joseph Onek and Dr. Robert Berenson, and Nelson Ledsky and Jane Wales of the State Department.

After USOC Second Vice-President E. Newbold Black encouraged the group "to rise and greet our distinguished guest warmly" (to prevent a recurrence of the athletes' silence when meeting Carter in the White House in March), Mondale en-

tered and delivered the Administration's case in unequivocal terms, to say the least.

"History holds its breath," he said, "for what is at stake is no less than the future security of the civilized world." He touched all the crucial themes, the brutality of the Soviet invasion, the threat it seems to pose to oil supplies, the Soviets' constraining of attendance at the Games as approval of the USSR's foreign policy, the wishes of the U.S. public. "I am convinced that the American people do not want their athletes cast as pawns in that tawdry propaganda charade," said Mondale. He drew parallels between the situation in 1936 and today, saying the call then for a boycott of Hitler's Games was rejected, "and the reasons for rejection are bone-chilling." They were, he said, the same ones we were hearing again, that sports should not be dragged into politics, that a boycott will destroy the Olympic movement, will only penalize American athletes, will leave the U.S. alone out in the cold.

The result in the 1936 Games, he said, was that despite the triumphs of Jesse Owens, Hitler scored a propaganda success, thought international animosity toward him was a thing of the past, and "before long, the Nazi war machine scarred the face of Europe—and soon the night closed in."

Besides being an interpretation of events that historians might find questionable (Hitler's intentions were rather definite long before 1936), these observations were not exactly embraced by a



Rosemarie Andre DeFrazee was an anti-boycott leader.



Olympians Henry Marsh, Fred Newhouse and Andy Toro answer press questions.

body that cherishes the memory of the late Owens, whose performances have always been thought a magnificent embarrassment to Hitler's racist theories. But Mondale's tone was mild, and he passed on to assurances of the President's support of amateur sports development, and a call for a return to the ancient "truce of the gods," in which "no nation may serve as the Olympic host while invading and subjugating another."

Mondale departed to respectful applause. Indeed, the speech had seemed to settle the USOC into a sense of the inevitability of its vote. Even Douglas F. Roby, one of two Americans on the International Olympic Committee, said, "I have always felt that if the nation were in true jeopardy, I would abandon the IOC position [against bending to political pressure]. We have done the best we could. There is no use butting your head against a steel wall."

The athletes, however, saw it out to the end. After a resolution to not send a team had been moved, Chris Knepp of the U.S. Baseball Federation countered with one citing Article IX of the USOC constitution, which states, "No member of the USOC may deny, or threaten to deny, any amateur athlete the opportunity to compete in the Olympic Games," and proposing that the USOC therefore accept the invitation to go to Moscow.

It was not an emotional debate, but one characterized by respect for due process and clear language. Simon spoke formally and eloquently on the rightness of supporting the President. His speech was given an ovation. Canoeist Andy Toro found his courage failing at that moment. "God, I thought, 'I don't want to get up there after that.' But it was Knepp who was recognized next, and he spoke easily and without notes, tracing his progress from support of the boycott to opposition because of the Administration's tactics. Later he would say, "I'm usually nervous before a large group. But today I simply felt tired. I watched Bob Kane, a man who had done everything he could. It was easy to look at him and speak compassionately for the athletes' cause."

Anita DeFrantz, lawyer and rower, concluded the athletes' argument. Later, Cutler, gracious in victory, would say that if he ever got back to private practice he would like to offer her a job. Now she urged courage upon the delegates, courage to ignore the pressures that Cutler had brought to bear. "We define our



The USOC's Simon was among the distressed

liberty by testing it," she said. "This is such a test." She, too, was applauded, and the vote was called. USOC Executive Director F. Don Miller collected the ballots in an empty water picher. The final count in the complicated weighted voting system used by the USOC was 1,604 in favor of the boycott, 797 opposed, with two abstentions.

Kane, in releasing the results to the press, said, "I am satisfied it was a completely right decision, while feeling desperately sorry for the athletes who have been hurt by it." He defended the athletes at length, saying, "They believed there was another way to demonstrate their disapproval, by not going to the ceremonies, so it is unfair, it is a slur, to call them unpatriotic."

The athletes issued a statement wishing those of nations who compete in the Games the best of luck. "We felt to urge others not to go would be selfish," said quarter-miler Fred Newhouse, a gold and silver medalist in the 1976 Games. "That would be saying, since we can't, we don't want anyone else to participate."

Though there remained the possibility of a legal action to require the USOC to conform to its constitution, the athletes felt they had done the best they could. "It was fair," said Newhouse. "We were allowed the opportunity to present our position. We did so admirably. I just hope everybody voted his conscience." Gradually the athletes drew away, to think, to commiserate, some to lose themselves in a run through the inimically bright Colorado day.

"We never give up," said DeFrantz. "That's why we got where we are."

The spirit of sacrifice prevailed as well

in the body's vote to display no interest in a major alternative Games, although the athletes will continue through Olympic Trials and previously scheduled pre-Olympic competition. When Cutler was asked what steps would be taken should the IOC make provision now for Americans to enter the Games as individuals, he said that while the President was reluctant to place restrictions on travel, "athletes in the Olympics represent their nations. And it is clear that this nation does not want to be represented in the Moscow Games. So it may be that some legal action is possible to prevent athletes from doing that." Executive Director Miller repeated the President's earlier promise to honor the sacrifice of this year's Olympians, possibly through the striking of special medals. He said that after the USOC's action, he was sure other nations would join in the boycott, and almost as he spoke, word was delivered that Chancellor Helmut Schmidt had firmly indicated that West Germany would not attend the Games.

Then Saturday night, the White House's highest hopes suddenly seemed to have a chance of being met when Roby was asked what the IOC would do if the vote confirming a U.S. boycott precipitated a wholesale rush by other nations to follow suit. "If we don't get the important countries," he said, "it is my opinion that the IOC will cancel the Games."

END



White House Counsel Cutler kept the heat on

A WHIFF OF SPRING IN HOUSTON

Replete with strikeout aces, the Astros opened with J.R. Richard's two-hitter and, oops, a four-bagger by Nolan Ryan

by LARRY KEITH

Superficially, the crowds in Houston's Astrodome last week had come to watch the Los Angeles Dodgers against the Astros, but what they really wanted to see was the "duel" between baseball's strikeout kings, J.R. Richard and Nolan Ryan, leaders in the National and American Leagues last year, now teammates on the Astros. Richard, 29, has struck out more than 300 batters in each of the last two seasons, averaging 9.78 per nine innings. Ryan, 33, has five 300-strikeout seasons, ranks fourth on the alltime strikeout list and has averaged 9.73 a game for his 12-year career. The prospects were delicious, unless you happened to be a Dodger.

Richard drew the Opening Day—night, really—assignment for the fifth year in a row, which enabled Ryan to pitch the third game Saturday before a national television audience. J.R. went out and produced what he later called "my best game ever," winning 3-2, striking out 13 and coming very close to a perfect game. Over to you, Nolan.

Ryan, appearing just 26 miles from his Alvin, Texas home, said he felt the greatest pressure of his life. His performance was effective, but it paled beside Richard's—or his personal best, for that matter. Even so, he pitched



With Ryan in attendance, Richard pitched the best game of his career, throwing down 13 Dodgers

and, astonishingly, hit the Astros to a 5-4 lead in six innings, although he struck out only three. Houston eventually lost 6-5 in a 17-inning, five-hours-plus game that wiped out much of NBC's Saturday night programming.

And what about Game 2? Enter Joe Nickro. While Richard was going 18-13 with the Astros and Ryan 16-14 with the Angels last season, Nickro flustered his knuckleball to a 21-11 record. Pitching between Richard and Ryan may obscure Nickro's achievements. As San Diego's Dave Winfield said to him at an off-season charity roast, "Everybody was so scared of J.R. last year that you sneaked in the back door and won 21 games. Now, with Ryan, you'll probably win 25 and nobody will know it."

Nickro certainly didn't receive any favors from his teammates last week. They committed three errors that led to five unearned runs during his five-inning

stint on Friday night. After Nickro retired, the Astros stormed from behind for a 10-6 victory. Two days later, the fourth Houston starter, Ken Forsch, who pitched a no-hitter last year, beat the Dodgers 4-2 to complete a three-wins-in-four-games beginning for the Astros.

Although Richard and Ryan are lumped generically as "power pitchers," they are different in several important ways. While Ryan's fastball tends to rise, Richard's darts. Ryan's second pitch is a curve, Richard's a slider. Ryan is forever trying to shear off the corners of the plate; Richard goes for the middle and depends on the natural movement of the ball to buffet the batter. Ryan's pitch is easier to follow than Richard's because Ryan's delivery is more overhand and the ball moves less. Finally, Ryan's ball is "lighter," or easier to catch.

What Richard and Ryan have in common is a whole lot of heat. Last week Richard was the faster, whipping the ball in at 98 mph for the first time in his career, and doing so on four separate deliveries. Ryan got up to 97 mph only once,

but later in the season he will undoubtedly go higher. Richard's slider, meanwhile, was in the 89-to-91-mph range; Ryan's curve dropped to 80 to 81 mph.

Variations in style and speed weren't all that separated Richard and Ryan last week. Although both felt that strenuous off-season work had put them in the best shape of their careers, only Richard had the confidence to match J.R., after all, was facing a team that he had defeated 11 straight times, against whom he had a 13-4 career record and a 1.98 ERA. Ryan had also faced the Dodgers before, during his four-year career with the Mets (1968-71), but that was long ago. Those Dodgers had beaten him six of seven times; these Dodgers were largely unfamiliar and had bombed him for nine hits and eight runs during a three-inning spring-training appearance. "There is nothing I dislike more than facing a hitter I don't know," he said before the game. "It's like walking into a dark room and not knowing where the furniture is."

Richard tried to help Ryan by going over the hitters with him on Wednesday

continued

The Astros are giving Ryan \$1 million for his arm and \$0 for his bat, but he paid an unexpected dividend with the first home run of his 12-year career





Ryan himself was tagged for two homers and struck out only three, but with more work he'll improve

WHIFFS continued

while the two did their stretching exercises. "He's country," Richard says with a laugh, "but I like him."

Ryan and Richard have been a disappointment to those who wanted them to show signs of jealousy. Even though some feelings of competition would be natural, even healthy, neither will admit to any "Competition is the farthest thing from my mind," says Richard. "He's got his money and I've got mine."

Indeed they do. Richard signed a four-year, \$3.2 million contract last October. A month later Ryan capitalized

on his free-agent status by signing for \$3.6 million over three years, with the club retaining the option on a fourth year at \$1 million. Richard's attitude has been exemplary, considering that he has been with the club longer, is four years younger, has a better career record (.591 to .512).

John J. McMullen, the New Jersey shipbuilder who bought the Astros last July, readily admits that Ryan's salary "numbers," as he calls them, are "mind-boggling." But he adds, "If anybody's worth it, Nolan is. He's one of the great pitchers in American baseball. We're convinced that with him we could have

gone all the way last year instead of losing the division by a game and a half."

McMullen says he wouldn't have signed Ryan if the team hadn't already possessed Richard. "In this case, we think one plus one is more than two. They're going to be competitive with one another in a proper way."

This was certainly true of Richard last Thursday. He had spent a relaxed day, helping his wife by making the beds of their five children, listening to jazz on the stereo, visiting a local Datsun dealer who had promised him the use of a 280 ZX. In batting practice he bantered with Dodgers Reggie Smith, Dusty Baker and Davey Lopes.

Then he got serious. Richard's first pitch of the game to Lopes was a fast-ball, called strike. Two minutes later he had called strike three. After Centerfielder Rudy Law grounded out, Richard nailed Smith swinging. In the second inning he added Steve Garvey, Baker and Ron Cey to the list. He struck out two more in the third, Lopes again in the fourth, Garvey and Cey in the fifth and Shortstop Derrel Thomas in the sixth. Thomas was playing because the regular shortstop, Bill Russell, was on the bench with a sore left foot. "J.R.-thrites," he called it.

Richard said later that he began thinking about a no-hitter in the seventh inning. He might just as well have thought of a perfect game because no Dodger had reached base and only one had hit a fly ball to the outfield. Lopes brought Richard one out closer by leading off the seventh with a grounder to second base.

With just eight outs remaining and the crowd of 33,270 buzzing, Law stepped in for his third at bat. The first Dodger rookie to make the Opening Day lineup in 10 years, Law had given a lot of thought to his appearance against Richard. "I've heard so much about him I've been eating, sleeping and dreaming J.R. Richard every night," he said later. "He was throwing balls you could hardly see, and he was getting them over the plate."

Richard's second pitch to Law came in at 93 mph, fast by most standards but well off his earlier pace. Law slapped it solidly into rightfield, and there went the no-hitter. Smith hit another straggling 93-mph fastball just inside first base for a double, Law scored, and there went the shutout. An error and a sacrifice fly gave the Dodgers their second run, but they were to get no more. Richard end-

continued

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ed the inning with a strikeout and retired the side in order in the eighth. Because of a minor back strain Richard suffered while running the bases in the bottom of the eighth, Reliever Joe Sambuto finished up the game.

The Dodgers weren't the only ones overwhelmed by Richard's performance. So was Ryan. "I've only seen two other pitchers dominate a game like that," he said the next day. "Tom Seaver struck out 19 against San Diego in 1970 and Ron Guidry struck out 18 against the Angels in 1978."

Of course, Ryan was ignoring the games in which he had thoroughly dominated the opposition, particularly his four no-hitters and his four 19-strikeout games. And he made it clear that he wasn't expecting to do any dominating himself on Saturday. "The fans aren't going to get that kind of performance," he said, sounding positively negative.

Ryan explained that he didn't expect to be at his best for several reasons. There was the unfamiliarity with the Dodger hitters, of course. Also his lack of mound work in spring training. Unlike the Angels, who require pitchers to throw either in a game or on the sideline every other day, the Astros have a five-day rotation supplemented only by throwing a little batting practice. "I'm new, so I don't want to make waves," Ryan said. "I thought I'd try it this way, but I'd feel more comfortable if I had had more work."

It may be, however, that what Ryan really wants to do is lower the expectations of the people who believe he should be better because he is wealthier. "I know there will be people coming out to see me because they've read about the salary," he says. "They expect to see a guy throwing like a howitzer, but I can't do that. I'm 33, and people should know by now what my potential is. I might improve on my best season, but I'm not going to go 25-5."

The man who is paying Ryan all that money is not exactly thrilled by this kind of talk.

"I think Nolan Ryan will be surprised," McMullen says. "He may do better than he expects. He won't have to be the workhorse for us that he has been in the past because he's in a proper rotation. I think our manager [Bill Virdon] and pitching coach [Mel Wright] can help make him better."

Ryan knew what he was doing when

he squashed the high hopes for his first game. He gave up a 360-foot home run to Baker in the second inning and a 400-foot blast to Smith in the third. Overall, he allowed six hits and he put five more runners on base with walks. His only strikeout victims were Lopes, Cey and Smith.

But if Ryan struggled in and out of danger on the mound, he made up for it at the plate in the fourth inning. With two on, one out and one run already in, he stepped in with orders to bunt. This game marked Ryan's first appearance as a batter since 1972, the last season before the designated-hitter rule went into effect in the American League. In 262 previous plate appearances, including his pop foul to Garvey in the second inning, Ryan had a .134 batting average with no home runs and only eight RBIs.

Nevertheless, after Dodger Pitcher Don Sutton missed the plate twice, Virdon took off the bunt sign and told Ryan to swing away. "The way the infielders were charging in, I knew there was no way he could get a bunt off anyway," Virdon explained.

So Sutton pitched and Ryan swung

and the bat made contact and the ball zoomed above the left centerfield fence 390 feet away. In leftfield Dusty Baker threw up his arms, and on first base Catcher Alan Ashby had a feeling of "total disbelief." The scoreboard began its home-run sequence, 40 seconds of cowboys shooting guns and roping steers, and 34,609 fans screamed joyously. When Ryan reached second base he realized the ball had cleared the fence, so instead of legging out a double he was now improvising a home-run trot. In the owner's box McMullen laughed and said, "Everybody told me we needed a righthanded power hitter. Well, we've got one."

Unfortunately, the home run and the standing ovation that brought Ryan out of the dugout for a bow would be the only shining moments of his day. "I anticipated making some mistakes and I did," he said of his pitching performance long after the afternoon had turned into night. "I wasn't pleased with my performance, but I'll throw better next time."

Next time he won't be as nervous. And if he's lucky, he won't have another two-hitter by Richard staring him in the face, either.

END

Cey's bat is up, the ball down, a situation many batters will be in when they face Houston this year.



THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES

Ed Brodeur is not only the inventor of surfaces, notably Supreme Court, on which tennis is played, but he is also a prophet who can foretell who's going to win a tournament from the "dynamics of the court" by RAY KENNEDY

Who will be the Colgate Grand Prix champion?" asked the magazine ad for the big January showdown in Madison Square Garden. "Hmm, let's see now," muttered Edward Brodeur, studying the candidates listed in the ad. "Villas? No Tanner? Hardly, Solomon will be out of there early. . ."

Then, with an air of finality, Brodeur said, "O.K., in the semifinals you'll have Borg, Connors, McEnroe and Gerulaitis. The matches will last an average of one hour and 50 minutes. The players will average 4.8 strokes per point with 3% aces, 8% service winners, and 2% of their rallies will exceed 15 strokes. And, oh yes, to answer the question, Bjorn Borg will be the champion."

At the time, three weeks before the tournament, Brodeur was sipping a cup of coffee in a cafeteria near his home in Marietta, Ga. So there were no sea leaves to consult, no crystal balls or trick mirrors. By what magic, then, was he able to correctly predict the triumph of Borg, who had never won in New York City, the names of the four semifinalists, the average length of the matches and all the other variables to within two-tenths of a percentage point?

The answer lies not in the stars but underfoot. Ed Brodeur, 58, is not a psychic but a very down-to-earth chemist who makes tennis courts. He is the owner of Research Coatings and Plastics, Inc., an eight-man company that manufactures Supreme Court, a portable playing surface used in the major men's indoor tournaments throughout the world. And while he calls them as he foresees them strictly for fun, he does it with the uncanny accuracy of a tennis technocrat who can discourse for hours on the relationship among Newton's laws of motion, the energy absorption of vinyl-coated polypropylene and the 140-mph serves of Roscoe Tanner.

Over the past six years Brodeur has

amassed reams of technical data on some 1,000 professional tennis matches. He was seeking to "engineer" the perfect court, but along the way he also became an expert on the imperfections of the players. Forget motivation, rivalries, pressure, courage and all the other intangibles that the romantics in the press box dote on. Regardless of how hard they struggle, says Brodeur, the pros are such slaves to the dictates of physics that the results of their labors are as foregone a conclusion as ball impact equals mass times velocity squared.

"You can predict exactly what will happen," says Brodeur. "It doesn't matter what kind of ball they use or what kind of racket or what kind of shoes they wear or anything else."

What really matters, he says, is the composition of the surface, and when it comes to creating courts Ed Brodeur is a cross between Nostradamus and Henry the Navigator. He can foretell the final destination because he charts the course. That is, by varying the mix of chemicals, Brodeur contends, "We can put down a court on which Tanner would win absolutely. We can keep the Eddie Dibbles in there and we can get the Brian Gottfrieds out of there. We can favor the Europeans or we can make it an all-American event. No one is aware of the power we have. They can say what they want, but in the final analysis we are the ones who are going to say who wins."

So why play? Or more to the point, why believe such an expansive claim? Well, beyond Brodeur's demonstrated powers as a clairvoyant, there are other factors that support the basis, if not the full sweep, of his contentions.

It is no secret that certain players perform more proficiently on certain surfaces than on others. Harold Solomon, for instance, is as tough to beat on slomo clay as Pancho Gonzalez was on the lickety-split cement slabs of California.



It can be argued, in fact, that playing conditions figure more crucially in the outcome of tennis than in any other professional sport.

Brodeur's credibility is also enhanced by the fact that the art of creating tennis courts has advanced to the point where he can roll out a customized surface to

suit the style of any type of player. "We can make it play like grass, like clay, like cement or anything in between," he says.

"We can make it as soft as a worm or as hard as rock. We can maximize the spin effect of the ball or make it play as straight as a railroad track. In short, we can make the ball do anything we want it to."

Certainly the players are hip to the importance of the surface. Because the Europeans are generally raised on clay courts and the Americans on faster surfaces, the distinctions tend to run along continental lines. The 1979 Davis Cup final in San Francisco, for example, was played on a \$7,000 Supreme Court that

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



Brodeur checks a sample of Supreme Court to determine its speed. By varying the formula he can practically determine a player's chances in a tournament.



It took 50 variations of formulas and months of trials and errors before Brodeur settled on a surface that puckered up just enough for WCT's Letter Hunt



This abrasion machine measures the effect a surface has on a ball



Brodeur evaluates the top layer of his surface with a viscosity-measuring device

Brodeur made for the U.S. team according to its own specifications. Would the Americans be so unporting as to host their Italian guests on a court that heavily favored John McEnroe, Vilas Gerulaitis, et al? Is the Nastase temperament? "The Italians screamed bloody murder, and they were right," says Brodeur. "No way they were going to win on that surface." Final score: Hurlers 5, Pigeons 0. By the same token, last month Argentina defeated the U.S. in the 1980 American Zone Davis Cup final on the oh-so-slow red clay of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club.

As for soothsaying, Brodeur points out that the whole thrust of a pro's training—hitting ball after ball, year after year, until each shot is a machine-like reflex action—is aimed at the kind of consistency that makes prophets out of oddsmakers. Thus it is neither surprising nor denigrating that steely competitors like Borg are often likened to robots with rackets.

To be sure, tennis has its share of upsets, but those that are not attributable to what Brodeur calls the "surface phenomenon" are so few that there is very little turnover at the top. Indeed, though some 200 players competed on the Grand Prix tour last year, the fact that the major tournaments were dominated by the same four millionaires only confirms Brodeur's thesis that "tennis is a game that follows very precise patterns." In sum, given his grasp of the numbers involved, Brodeur is the first to emphasize that his predictions are not magical, merely mathematical.

What it all adds up to is suggested by Brodeur's now-it-can-be-told revelation that his experiments in the mid-1970s with courts that were alternately too fast and too slow directly paralleled the rise and fall of Stan Smith, the big hitter, as well as master ground-strokers like Guillermo Vilas. "Yes, we killed off Smith, I'm afraid," says Brodeur. "And all I can say about Vilas, Orantes and the rest is, well, that's the way the ball bounces."

There is an inclination among fans to dismiss Brodeur's claims as overblown if only because they take a lot of the fun, mystery and suspense out of the game. In fact, there are those who fancy him as something of a diabolical old sorcerer, cackling over his steamy mixing vats and tossing in bat wings and news' eyes. Brodeur's response is that his only intention is to conjure up a court that "will provide the best tennis possible." That

at least was the idea when World Championship Tennis selected him from the ranks of the plastics industry, and he set out on no less a mission than to "re-design the game of tennis."

Brodeur seemed an ideal choice. He grew up in Worcester, Mass., with a tennis racket in one hand and his trusty Gilbert chemistry set in the other. When not threatening to blow up his attic laboratory, he was haunting the local clay courts, raking and rolling the humps left by the spring thaw. "You developed your playing skills by aiming shots for the ruts," he says.

Brodeur captained the tennis team at Holy Cross, and after getting his master's degree in physical chemistry, he spent eight years in the labs of U.S. Rubber. A polyvinyl expert, he subsequently built his own mixing plant in Rome, Ga., where his developments in indoor-outdoor carpeting attracted the interest of Mike Davies, the executive director of WCT. That was in 1973, and the pro-indoor circuit was in desperate need of a consistent playing surface that did something more than pose the question of who's going to break whose serve?

"Who cares?" was the reaction of most fans, and Brodeur is equally candid about precisely why he was asked to devise a more competitively balanced court. "It was for television," he says. "TV was going to drop tennis if we didn't do something to get away from the serve-and-volley game."

Trouble was, no one had the vaguest notion about how that might be accomplished within the limits of the existing technology. None of the indoor courts WCT had been using—various concoctions of vinyl, urethane, fiber glass and needle-punch materials—was specifically designed for tennis, and the results showed it. Under the hot glare of TV lights, the surfaces expanded and popped their seams, causing nettlesome delays. No two courts played the same, and there were numerous problems with slippage and dead spots. WCT's Davies, a former pro who toured on the canvas, concrete and hardwood courts of yore, likens the early artificial surfaces to "playing on a sea of ripples."

Erratic at best, the courts further alienated the TV schedule makers by defying all attempts to contain a match within a certain time frame. Davies recalls the shocked expression of the TV executive who exclaimed, "You mean this match

could go on for five hours?" Some did, and while the adoption of tie-breakers helped, the matches were still too open-ended to suit the parties involved. Missed press deadlines were one thing, says Brodeur, but more troublesome was the fact that "everyone was sick and tired of going to the post-match parties at 1 a.m. They wanted to start drinking at 11 p.m."

All told, Brodeur was faced with a very demanding challenge, and he loved every perversely complex aspect of it. He explains, "It involved physics, tennis and plastics—all the things I know and care something about. I hadn't had so much fun in years."

Everyone knew that clay courts slowed down and effectively neutralized the big serve. But why? Starting from scratch pad, Brodeur juggled equations dealing with gravity, air resistance and ball spin, and while his $Y = \frac{1}{2} GT^2$ (in which Y stands for the downward pull of gravity on the ball from a horizontal plane, G for gravity and T for time) is not on the order of $E = mc^2$, it did prove that the fastest serve possible is 140 mph. However, because the margin of net clearance for a 140-mph zinger to land in the service box is a scant inch, in reality the serves of most male pros travel at something more like 100 mph. All of which led to Brodeur's formulation of the basic problem: "What happens when a man serves a two-ounce ball 100 mph from a height of nine feet at an 11-degree angle with a force of 60 pounds?"

Excellent tennis, he concluded, if the ball is slowed so that the receiver has an additional tenth of a second of reaction time. That meant that the surface had to slow the ball by five hundredths of a second on contact, a feat that was easier deduced than duplicated. One attempt at simulating the clay-court effect, producing a hard surface with a rough, granulated finish, failed because the ball was not in contact with the court long enough—only .0017 second—to make any appreciable difference. Brodeur's conclusion: "At high speeds the surface texture is not what slows the ball down. Something else has to happen."

Like a mystery-novel sleuth, Brodeur got down on his hands and knees and studied the ball marks on clay courts. And sure enough, there was the visual proof of what he had worked out on paper: elongated teardrop impressions made with enough force to kick up a small amount of clay in front of the ball

continued

A SUPREME COURT JUDGMENT

Ed Brodeur's Supreme Court is one of five basic surfaces on which professional tennis is played today. They are, in order of speed, beginning with the slowest: clay, Supreme, DecoTurf (and similar hard courts), Sporteze and grass. Of the 88 tournaments on the men's Grand Prix circuit, 33 are contested on clay, 26 on Supreme, 21 on hard, seven on grass and one lonely Swedish event on tile. For the women the breakdown is seven clay, 10 hard, 20 Sporteze, which they use instead of Supreme when playing indoors, and six grass.

Because a women's match can easily deteriorate into interminable baseline exchanges, the Women's Tennis Association is wise to use a quicker indoor surface and hold proportionately many fewer events on clay than the men. "There's not a power game," points out WTA Administrative Director Glenn Nemhauser. "They need a faster court to speed it up."

In the vernacular of tennis, the term clay actually refers to two surfaces: genuine red clay, which is found primarily in Europe and South America, and Har-Tru, a slightly faster man-made composition, predominant in the U.S. Contrary to popular opinion, the biggest problem for the serve-and-volley player on either type is not the slowness of the court but the lack of traction. "You often slip coming in to net on clay," says Brian Gottfried, "and when you have to move to one side for a volley, it's tough to recover."

Notwithstanding Brodeur's criticisms of the DecoTurf at Flushing Meadow, it has produced some excellent tennis. The surface did not turn out to be the lightning-fast godsend for the big hitters that many claimed it would be. Those who like to play from the baseline can do so; they just have to do it well because the sound footing allows the attackers to play their style of game, too.

True, John McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis, two dihard net rushers, were last year's finalists, and big-serving Roscoe Tanner pulled off the tournament's major upset with his quarterfinal win over Bjorn Borg. But Tracy Austin and Chris Evert Lloyd, who would both rather hit a backhand with one hand than venture inside the service line, were the women's finalists. And the year before, Borg and

Jimmy Connors, who are more effective in the backcourt than at net, played for the championship.

One reason the top seeds have been so successful at the Open is that they play only in the stadium or grandstand. In 1978, the year the Open moved from Forest Hills to brand-new Flushing Meadows, all the courts were the same speed. Last year, after thousands of hours of public play, that wasn't the case. The USTA resurfaced the two showcase courts but not the other 25. As a result, the stadium and grandstand had the desired gritty finish that helps the ball grab and sit up, but the worn outside courts were smooth and considerably faster. That obviously didn't sit well with the lesser lights, who repeatedly complained that there were really two tournaments going on at the Open—a medium-speed one for the stars and a high-speed one for the rest of the field.

As the Open goes—in regard to its surface, anyway—so go the tournaments that immediately precede it. For the 94 years the U.S. championships were played on grass, virtually every major event between Wimbledon and Forest Hills was also contested on grass. Today, Wimbledon is the only grass-court tournament left that can still entice the top players. When the Open switched to clay in 1975, the summer circuit followed suit. And since the shift to DecoTurf in 1978, six hard-court tournaments leading to the Open have been added to the tour.

Ed Brodeur isn't the only reason why, day in and day out, the best tennis is played on Supreme Court. Supreme has the added advantage of being an indoor surface, and indoor tennis by its nature tends to be better than that played outside. Not only does a player not have to contend with wind, the sun's glare and temperature extremes, but he also hears the ball come off his opponent's racket a split second sooner than he would outdoors. That is because the sound is less diffused.

In any case, tennis will continue to be a game of multiple surfaces, which probably is as it should be. The great ones—Budge, Laver, Emerson and now Borg—won on all surfaces. That ability to adapt has always been the test of a champion.

—BILL COLSON

and reduce velocity. He videotaped the ball striking the court and painstakingly analyzed the "divot effect" in slow motion. Conclusion: "There is only one way to slow a hard, flat, low-angle shot. The surface has to grab and give."

Brodeur's attempts to reproduce the divot effect chemically was like building a Dagwood sandwich. He began his four-decker with 25 different ingredients, spreading a face coat of polyvinyl chloride on a cloth of polypropylene nylon fabric that was back-coated with another layer of polyvinyl stacked on top of a wuffed foam cushion that looked like the tread on a truck tire. It took 50 variations and months of trial and error under tournament conditions before—eureka!—he came up with a surface that gave or "puckered" just enough to provide the receiver that precious extra tenth of a second of reaction time.

And none too soon for Lamar Hunt, the Daddy Warbucks of WCT. Brodeur admits, "We really made some awful courts at first. I mean, we put out some real crud." That was all too apparent when Borg and Vilas met in the finals of the 1976 WCT championship and labored through one point that lasted 84 strokes. In an effort to compensate, Brodeur went too far. "In the 1977 WCT Challenge Cup final in Las Vegas, Connors and Nastase averaged about 6½ aces," he recalls. "I remember Lamar came to me after that match and was really mad. He and Davies wanted the court slowed down. We knew right then that we had gone too far."

Brodeur adds that his desire to find the ideal adjustment was tinged with a strong streak of patriotism. "In slowing the courts down, we had destroyed Smith, and younger guys like Tanner and Dick Stockton were stymied. It really wasn't fair to the Americans. The U.S. has 40 million players compared to 20 million from the rest of the world. Yet for the first time, we played hell trying to get three Americans into the top 10. I thought something should be done."

By the 1978 U.S. Pro Indoors, Brodeur had fine-tuned his Supreme Court to the point where he could give not only a better break to U.S. players (six in the top 10) but also a "happy-medium pace" for the tournament. By now he could also predict results and all the tricky little particulars with a precision you could set your Accutron by.

Brodeur has since refined his stroke-

continued

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by-stroke research into a handy formula whereby he can regulate the average length of a match and still assure "exciting tennis in which the best all-round player will win." His notes on crowd reaction, for example, show that fans "go bananas" over aces as well as extended rallies as long as they do not exceed the tedious levels of 3% or 4% of the points played. Keeping service winners in the 8% to 10% range and averaging 4.5 to five strokes a point produces the "ultimate in strategic tennis," he says.

The only problem with definitions of ultimate is that they are ultimately subjective. Davies, who worked closely with Brodeur and the players in fashioning Supreme Court, argues that decision by committee is impractical in such sensitive matters. "Somebody has got to take a stand," he says, "and who is as capable as myself?"

The intrusion of TV may sound sinister, says Davies, but he feels that the situation is one of those rare instances when what is best for the commercial interests is also best for the spectators, the players and the game. "That's not true at Wimbledon," Davies contends. "I have seen too many players who didn't have the quality game win the championship only because they had the big serve. On the other hand, some truly great players like Ken Rosewall never won Wimbledon because they were at such a disadvantage on the grass. I think the court that WCT has now is the best ever, because, among other things, it does away with those kinds of inequities."

Still, Brodeur for one has his reservations. "Sure, it's definitely unfair that the U.S. Davis Cup team is allowed to play on its own court, just as it's unfair that the Europeans are able to corner the Americans on their clay courts and baseline them to death. We protect our flanks by saying that the best players win on Supreme. But with so much money and so many careers at stake, we're sitting here making decisions we shouldn't be making. You keep reading that tennis needs a czar, and I agree."

If Brodeur had his way, he would bulldoze most of the tennis courts in the U.S. He declares, "The American way is to slap down a slab of asphalt, put some lines on it and say, 'That's a tennis court.' Well, it isn't. It's a painted parking lot. The ball takes off too fast on those courts for any talented youngsters to develop the solid ground strokes that you can't

learn after you're 21. All they know how to do is blow the ball by the kid on the other side, and that's why, per capita, we're not producing the kind of world-class players that we should."

"Take Tanner. He learned much of his game on asphalt, and by the time he had to get the ball over the net four or five times it was too late to learn how. Right now there's a gifted young pro named John Sadri, who came off asphalt courts in North Carolina. He will thrill the crowd but, like Tanner, he'll never win consistently. And that's a damn shame."

For Brodeur, the symbol of much that is wrong with tennis in America is the new U.S. Open court complex in Flushing, N.Y., hard by LaGuardia Airport. "I hate it," he says. "Forest Hills had class, but that place is strictly honky-tonk, a concrete jungle with unruly crowds and planes roaring overhead. Coney Island with nets."

Equally distressing, says Brodeur, is that the Open's hard surface, which he views as little more than an extension of upper Broadway, is too heavily weighted in favor of the U.S. players. No Oujia board was needed, he says, to foretell that the two finalists in last year's Open would be a couple of street-savvy New Yorkers named McEnroe and Gulerati. "If something isn't done to correct the imbalance," he warns, "the Europeans will stop coming."

Brodeur doubts that his protestations will ever be heeded. For reasons he cannot divine, he finds that many people are cool to the scientific approach to sports. A few years ago, when he was producing the Sportzco surface for a New York City firm that supplies courts for the women's indoor circuit, he offered to make some improvements, but the ladies would not even look at his numbers, he says, for "emotional reasons."

Ah well, these days Brodeur contents himself with playing 12 sets of tennis a week, "fiddle-diddling" with his surface to compensate for the faster ball that WCT has adopted and playing the clairvoyant for local sportswriters whenever the pro tour comes to Atlanta. Otherwise, about the only prediction he will indulge in has to do with the shipping mixup that sent a massive shag carpet intended for Dubai to a tournament in Perth, Scotland. Peering through his glasses like a wide-eyed Jeane Dixon, Brodeur says, "Now there's a surface that Harold Solomon would win on for sure." **END**

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ME AND RED SEE IT THROUGH

How a young Celtics fan found a champion in the Boston coach, suffered with him and shared in his joy by JONATHAN SCHWARTZ

The woman made her way slowly up the avenue, mindful of the ice beneath the snow. The storm had grown stronger through the day, the wind more potent, the cold deeper than any she could recall. It tore through her, distracting her from the prospect she faced.

The young man she was to meet, to open negotiations with, was surely combed and washed by now, perhaps wearing a jacket with a school insignia as he sat with his father in the living room, awaiting her arrival.

After what seemed hours, the woman gained the lobby of the apartment building on New York's Lexington Avenue, and sank down onto a sofa by the elevator to regain her strength.

"He's outside," the father said, when the woman arrived upstairs. "He's on the terrace."

"He's where?" the woman said.

"He has a basketball hoop out there. He plays basketball while he listens to basketball on the radio."

"I don't understand," the woman said.

"See him out there through the window?"

"What's wrong with his hands?"

"Nothing."

"But they're all bandaged," the woman said.

"I know," the father replied softly. "I know."

I was 14. The woman, my stepmother-to-be, had come to meet me for the first time. Her bewilderment was justified. For what she saw through the window was an adolescent male with bandages on all of his fingers except the thumbs, sitting on a basketball in a snowstorm at the base of a tall wire fence, holding a large portable radio and crying, the tears freezing almost at once on his face.

continued



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(Today, 1960 Decathlon Olympic Gold Medal winner Rafer Johnson is still on the run. As VP of Community Relations for Continental Telephone, he travels 42 states. As a concerned citizen, he is deeply involved with the President's Council on Physical Fitness in a nationwide track and field program for youngsters, as well as with the Special Olympics for the Retarded.)

Q. The old sound mind in a sound body idea?

A. It's true. You really can work better with your head when your body is in better shape. Physical and mental pressures are a part of life. But if you stay fit, you can deal with them better. You'll have the stamina you need to stand the strain.

Q. What if I'm too tired to exercise?

A. You're not that tired. Often, that's just your mind talking. You wouldn't cancel an important meeting just because you felt a bit tired. So don't cancel that hour or so of recreation. Just don't do as much as on the days you feel fresh. But do something. You'll be surprised how less tired you feel.

Q. You're into the racket sports. Any special reason?

A. They're basically running sports. And with my background I feel a running program is best for me. So I sprint, and play racquetball and tennis. When you move on those courts, it's amazing how much running you get. Quick starts, direction changes, jumping—you're using all your running muscles.

Q. What fitness program is best?

A. It depends. An ex-athlete should go at it differently than a businessman or woman. I'd say start out easy. Test yourself. Find your own level. Pick a game or sport you really like, then do it regularly. That's the secret—regularity.

Q. What about age?

A. Whether you're five or twenty-five or seventy-five, it doesn't matter. The idea is to be where you want to be. Not where someone else is or says you should be. Just try to be in the best shape you can on any given day. It's that simple—whether you're going for the Gold Medal or just trying to live a healthy life.

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I was wearing bandages because without them the friction of a basketball leaving my hands in the dead of winter would tear open the tips of each finger, causing painful cuts that wouldn't heal until the spring. Gloves were useless, preventing a proper grip on the ball. But bandages, three on each finger, allowed for perfect manipulation, a sure feeling from the foul line, an easy authority from 13 feet. Even on the small playing surface of a New York City terrace with a constant wind as opponent, a Johnson & Johnson hand with three years' experience on its home court could guide a long set shot safely home to the gratifying swish of net.

I was crying because the Boston Celtics had been beaten in the last seconds by the New York Knickerbockers. It meant that the Knicks had swept the weekend home-and-home series, having narrowly won both games. It meant that Bill Sharman and Bob Cousy would shower and dress in what I imagined to be a furious silence, and disperse into the New England winter, sharing the heartbreak I knew only too well. It would often take me weeks to recover from a particularly devastating Celtic defeat. The players themselves could go on to other games and shake off the effects of a one-point setback. I, too, derived pleasure from subsequent victories, though I awoke in the night with defeat in my heart. *Had Cousy not made the second foul shot. Had Macauley not been called for walking.*

As the years passed, my stepmother would become familiar with these names, living as she did in the aggravating flow of their repetition. At the dinner table, in taxis, during the overtures of musicals by Rodgers and Hammerstein in large theaters filled with strangers, I would speak the language of the National Basketball Association. "The Coz hurt his elbow against the Nats," I would observe, as Yul Brynner appeared before us. Or, "Red's down on Borgia for good after the charging call on Cooper."

If my stepmother listened closely, and I have no reason to believe that she did, she might have wondered a bit about the fellow named Red, so reverentially disposed to him was I, so constant was my use of his name. In short, for 10 years I believed what Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the Celtics' coach, believed. About anything. Chinese food, Milton Berle, Sherman Adams. Auerbach was the authority in my life and my champion. In those days, the last three or four minutes of most NBA games, for lack of the 24-second clock, often consumed 45 minutes. And during that time, vegetables, fruit, pennies and peanuts would often be hurled at the apoplectic gentleman in the checked jacket who was attempting to get at a man a foot taller and 50 pounds heavier than himself. Red was in a perpetual fury, and at 14 years of age on a New York terrace, with an unenviable scholastic record and few friends, I had my own private little fury which burned every bit as fiercely. Clearly, Auerbach was out there in the world on my behalf. The inequities I faced were the inequities he fought. Though I imagined him to be shy, and even reclusive when left to his own devices, I relied on the strength of his hysteria to bury my enemies and undo the disorder of my own frenzy.

It was in 1950-56, years in which the Celtics were not yet the powerhouse they were to become, that I came of basketball age, studying the game, the skills and deficiencies of the players on every team, and I haunted Madison Square Garden, arriving well before the first games of double-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN E. COBER

headers to seek out Leonard Koppett of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who wrote with passion and clarity on pro basketball, and whom I regarded as a kindred spirit. Before games, I would follow Koppett as he roamed the sidelines chatting with players and league or team officials, at first from a distance, and then boldly approaching him with absolutely terrific basketball questions, like, "Do you think a round-robin is the answer to the playoff muddle?"

"I do not," he replied, and was off.

"Do the Celtics have a shot at Syracuse?" I asked on another occasion.

"Decidedly," Koppett told me, a response I wrote down in a notebook, so encouraging was the vigor with which it had been spoken.

It was, you see, the spring of 1953, and the playoffs were around the corner. This was the year the Celtics were determined to at least advance through the first round of postseason play. They faced a two-out-of-three playoff against the Nationals without the home-court advantage. Having finished third in a five-team division, one game behind second-place Syracuse, the Celtics would have to go to Syracuse for a Thursday-night opener before returning to Boston Garden on Saturday afternoon.

Thursday evening I went out on the terrace after dinner. On the fence that my father had erected to prevent basketballs from plummeting 12 stories to the sidewalk, I had strung four large floodlights and a complicated system of extension cords to create nighttime basketball.

continued

I shot my way through the evening, imagining Cousy and Sharman and Auerbach fighting against all odds in an arena where the fans under the Syracuse basket would shake its supports when the Celtics shot fouls, making the rim quiver.

At 11 p.m., I went inside and tuned the radio to a sports-scoreboard program. Exhibition baseball. Hockey. Endless hockey. And at long last: "In the National Basketball Association, the Boston Celtics shocked the . . ." That's all I remember. The Boston Celtics shocked the . . . In Syracuse. In front of all those animals.

I let out a cry of delight that brought my father running.

"Are you O.K.?" he shouted through my locked door.

"You bet your butt," I told him, which was something I had heard Auerbach say. "Can you beat Syracuse?" he had been asked by Marty Glickman on WMGM. "You bet your butt," Auerbach had replied.

The game against the Nationals on Saturday was the first opportunity for the team I now felt very much a part of to allow me to feel the elation of a crucial victory. In the previous two years the Celtics had dropped four of the five play-off games in which they had participated. But this season they had miraculously defeated Syracuse in Game 1 of a best-of-three series. Another victory would propel them into the next playoff round, something I had never witnessed.

Clearly, I had to be there, to actually go to Boston. Telling my father of a fictitious track meet at school, I set out by bus at 7 a.m. with \$25 I had scraped together by selling Georgia Gibbs records to classmates.

The day was cool and windy. Boston Garden, buried in a railroad station, seemed strangely inaccessible. I was told: down this tunnel, up two flights, through three hallways, down a green staircase. "Don't get on no train," said a cheerful Irishman. They were all Irishmen in the labyrinth of North Station. One of them offered me a balcony seat for \$6 that turned out to have an obstructed view.

It took me the first quarter to adjust to the pleasures of actual home-court participation. My little "boo," uttered in the direction of Dolph Schayes, the celebrated Syracuse forward, might have an impact. It would float down like a piece of lint, buffeted by the air currents in the Garden, descending, descending and finally landing at the feet of the Nationals as they grouped in a huddle. "What's this?" Al Cervi, the playing coach, would say, scooping up my boo from the court. "Why, it's from the kid in the balcony. It's a boo." "My God," Earl Lloyd, a massive forward, would say, unfacetiously. "We might as well pack it in."

Cousy was in a white uniform rather than the road green I'd become accustomed to in New York. He glided magnificently over the parquet court. And there was no risk to his person. We were his allies. I was moved and delighted to hear the crowd support my point of view. I had always been the little voice out of step when the Celtics played the Knicks in New York. "Sit down, schmuck" was as much a part of my life as "Pass the salt."

What unfolded in the next two hours cemented my devotion to the NBA for the rest of my life, through the championships of the '60s and '70s, through Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, right through to now, to Larry Bird and Bill Fitch. To this moment.

Boston defeated Syracuse 111-105. In four overtimes.

Some of my memories of the events of that game:

1. Cousy making a running 40-foot push shot with no time left on the clock and the Celtics down by two.

2. Paul Seymour of Syracuse severely spraining his right ankle, but being forced to continue because all the other available players had fouled out. Seymour limped about heroically in a kind of zone defense.

3. Cousy shooting 32 foul shots and making 30.

4. Cousy scoring 50 points.

5. Auerbach lying on his back by the Boston bench in an absolute rage over a disallowed Celtic basket.

6. Myself, smacking my head on the railing behind me and slumping, unconscious, in my seat, to be revived by my new friends in the balcony.

7. The Celtics, with a six-point lead in the final seconds, getting the ball to Cousy, who drove and stopped and changed hands, dribbling, dribbling, close to exhaustion as the final glorious buzzer sounded, the siren of Boston Garden that brought to an end one of the most remarkable games that had ever been played.

Following their victory over Syracuse, the Celtics were eliminated in four games by the Knicks. For the next three seasons, Boston made the playoffs, only to be eliminated by Syracuse each time. What Boston lacked was the imposing center who could dominate a game and create the kind of defense that Auerbach had envisioned for so long. He arrived in the person of Bill Russell for the 1956-57 season. Tommy Heintz joined the team as well, fresh out of Holy Cross and ready to shoot. And shoot.

The Celtics finished first in the East, got by Syracuse in a best-of-three playoff and attained the finals, in which they would meet Bob Pettit and St. Louis for the NBA title.

"Dear Libby," I wrote a girl at Bennington College, "I have taken a room at the Bradford Hotel in order to best follow the final series of the NBA playoffs, involving the Celtics and a team from St. Louis. It begins March 30th, and if it goes the distance, that is to say, seven games, it would end on April 13th. This includes about a week between the second and third games. Would you consider joining me for all or part of that time? I would be honored. The Bradford is extremely pleasant. You are extremely beautiful."

Libby's favorite word was extremely. "I am extremely, extremely sad," she would say, lowering her large green eyes. "I am extremely, extremely fatigued." French dribbled out of her once in a while, usually "Poussé!" Occasionally, and unaccountably, full thoughts: "Quelle très, très belle journée!" or "Je suis très, très ennuagée."

Libby Worthington—which is not her real name—left Bennington, Vt. by bus and arrived in Boston on the afternoon of March 30, 1957, extremely, extremely fatigued. I had bought two tickets to the home games. The radio would take care of the games in St. Louis.

I went to the opener alone, pursuing Leonard Koppett and behaving festively. The Celtics lost in double overtime, 125-123, and I slunk back to the Bradford and lay awake all night watching Libby sleep.

For two weeks Libby and I lived in a cramped and dusty room, eating cautiously at Bickford's and roaming through Boston on the bright spring afternoons. For the first time we discovered the complexities of cohabiting. In the claustrophobia of our unformed relationship we would

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fall silent, come together, and then creep away from each other irritably. Suddenly I would attack Libby's rampant sloppiness. Then she would moan that she couldn't stand one more minute of talk about basketball and the "crummy Celtics."

"Pourquoi?" I asked viciously, leaving the room with a slam of the door.

The crummy Celtics did what I knew they'd do all the while: they played a seven-game series, pinning me to the Bradford and to Libby Worthington, with our money evaporating as rapidly as our tolerance for each other.

After the St. Louis victory in the first game, the Celtics won commandingly the next night and journeyed to Missouri. They fell behind for the second time, absorbing a 100-98 defeat, only to tie again by beating the Hawks 123-118. Back in Boston for Game 5, the Celtics forged ahead with a 15-point victory. The sixth game in St. Louis broke my heart, a two-point loss that I listened to, crouched by the radio in the Bradford, my head in my hands.

It had come down to one game. One game against a team with momentum and Bob Pettit. One game, to be played at Boston Garden on Saturday afternoon, April 13, 1957. Libby, sympathizing with my anguish, whispered in the night, "I'm extremely sorry I called them crummy."

I went to the game alone, Libby insisting she'd be nothing but bad luck if she came with me. "I'll listen to it on the radio and pray for you," she said earnestly.

Late in the fourth quarter, with the Celtics behind 101-93, I left my seat, unable to cope with the apparent truth: they were going to lose. I went to the men's room, and then down a corridor, and then, hearing a wild cheer from the arena, I took a glimpse at the court from the back of an aisle. The Celtic deficit was now four.

Again in my seat behind the scorer's table, I vowed to stick it out, remain where I was, to face whatever music would be played. It was, after all, only a game, and I, it now seemed, was an adult.

The adult watched Heinsohn gun. From the corners, from the middle, from impossible distances and with shots I didn't know he had.

Cousy and Sharman were well off their games. I had never seen the two of them as jointly inaccurate as they were that afternoon; they shot 5 for 40 from the floor. It was left to the rookie from Holy Cross to keep the Celtics in contention. With Russell menacing on defense he would pull down 32 rebounds, and with Russell and Frank Ramsey supplying crucial baskets and foul shots, the Celtics took a two-point lead. They had scored 10 unanswered points.

But then Pettit hit two free throws to tie the score 103-103. With six seconds left, Boston had a chance to



win. Sharman took the shot. He missed, and we were in overtime.

Near the end of the overtime, with Auerbach waving his rolled-up program wildly, the Celtics had another shot at winning. Sharman again took it, that wonderful little jumper of his that had hit the front rim at the end of regulation play. He hit the front rim again. Double overtime.

That overtime, like the first, is a blur, except for the final second. I saw something then that is as clear to me now as it was

23 years ago. The Celtics seemingly had the game won, with a two-point lead, one second to go and no time-outs left for either team. Alex Hannum, the playing coach of the Hawks, took the ball out of bounds under his own basket and threw it the length of the court. His notion was to strike the far backboard and have the ball carom back to Pettit, who was all alone, standing perhaps 10 feet from the basket. With any decent rebound he could put it up easily, tie the game and send it into a third overtime.

The rebound was not only decent, it was terrifyingly perfect. Pettit had the ball with all the time in the world. I glanced at Auerbach, whose jaw had dropped. I looked back to Pettit, who was just about to shoot. I remember thinking, "He's surprised."

Bob Pettit, one of the greatest all-stars in the history of the NBA, took a 10-footer. He missed. The siren sounded. There was bedlam.

I raced to touch someone, something, to offer my fingertips in congratulations. White Celtic shirts bobbed about. Fearful of being trampled, I retreated to the sideline. I know I was weeping: it is my tendency.

At 7 p.m. I went back to the Bradford, filled with beer and joy. As I waited for the elevator, it dawned on me: the Celtics had won the seventh and final game by the same score, 125-123, that they had lost the first game and also in double overtime.

Excited by this amazing discovery, I raced up the six flights of stairs, impatient with the slow elevators, to get to Libby with the news. The room was empty and in order, strangely so in view of her untidiness. On her side of the bed, on her pillow, I found a note, written in pencil on Bradford Hotel stationery. It is a note that I have to this day.

"Dear heart," it began, which was an expression I'd never heard her use. "I am extremely, extremely happy for you. I have gone back to college with mixed feelings. I'll write you a long letter and will tell you everything. My congratulations to you and Red."

As it turned out, Libby's note, which I read and reread, standing in the middle of Room 620 of the Bradford Hotel, was our final correspondence. I never saw her again. END



You don't know me, says Al

Al Oliver is a .300 hitter who bats 000 in the recognition department

By the reckoning of the president of the Al Oliver Fan Club, his hero should be elected to the Hall of Fame in 1992. His credentials: 3,017 hits, a lifetime batting average of .310, a record 61-game hitting streak, two batting titles and the Most Valuable Player awards in 1980 and '85 for leading the Texas Rangers to world championships. Could such a performer be denied Cooperstown?

No way, says the president of the Al Oliver Fan Club, Al Oliver. "How many players in the last 75 years have finished second in both leagues in batting?" he

asks. Frank Robinson and Oliver are the only ones. "How many active players with 10 or more years in the majors are lifetime .300 hitters and have an average of 70 or 80 RBIs a year?" Only Steve Garvey and Oliver. "In seven years, I'll have 3,000 hits. [Right now, he's 179 shy of 2,000.] One year in Pittsburgh I hit in 56 out of 60 games, and when I think back on it, I hit the ball hard the other four games. I think I can break DiMaggio's record."

One of Oliver's vanity license plates proclaims AL HITS, and indeed he does, as hard and consistently as anyone. He says he leads the majors every year in frozen ropes, an unofficial category. In his two seasons with the Rangers since coming over from Pittsburgh, the lefthanded-hitting Oliver has batted .324 and .323, figures that don't reflect what Oliver calls his "at 'em" balls, as in "I hit a lot of line drives right at 'em."

"A bad day for Al," says Texas Manager Pat Corrales, "is 1 for 4."

Trouble is, very few people in or out of baseball know how good Oliver really is. He is O (for Oliver) on your scorecard. No. 1 in the hearts of Ranger fans and

like 100 RBIs, 200 hits or 25 homers. His salary is never published, and he never causes trouble. That's what you need for notoriety. Believe me, I ought to know."

Oliver may know that now, too. During spring training he raised a small fuss when the Rangers assigned him to rightfield, his third outfield position in three years. "When I came here I was put in left and became the best leftfielder in the league," Oliver says. "Then last year they moved me to center, but when Mickey [Rivers] arrived from New York in July, they put me back in left. Now they tell me I'm their best available rightfielder. How am I going to make the Hall of Fame if they keep shifting me around? You build the team around the nucleus, not the nucleus around the team."

For now, Oliver's complaint is falling on deaf ears. "Al should take it as a compliment," says Corrales. "He knows in the back of his mind he's going to be a good rightfielder. Heck, nobody on this team has seen him play his best position, and that's first base [in Pittsburgh]. Oliver was such a whiz at first he was called Mr. Scoop. I wish I had 25 Al Olivers on this ball club. No, take that back. Thirteen Al Olivers and 12 Buddy Belts. I'd need some righthanders."

Why Oliver is baseball's best-kept secret is a mystery. Not only does Oliver have talent, but he also owns an outrageously positive personality. He can talk about himself in the most glowing terms for hours on end, yet never seem boastful. He is simply as good as he thinks he is. "A lot of ballplayers think about doing things," he says, "but I say and do them."

Bump Wills, the Rangers' second baseman and Oliver's constant companion, says, "People who don't know Al get turned off with all that talk, but there's not a player on this club who dislikes him. He's like Ali. He doesn't come off as being egotistical because you know he can back his words up. Once, when he was going 0 for 23 or something, I tried to catch him off guard and make him say something negative. I said, 'Hey, what's happening?' He turned to me

continued



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and said, "Not me, that's for sure—but I will be."

In an exhibition game against the Yankees last spring, Oliver did the inconceivable—he struck out. "When I got back to the dugout," he says, "it was real quiet and I could feel the players looking at me as if they had just seen something strange. I said, 'I hope you all saw that, because you won't be seeing it very much this season.'" Indeed, Oliver struck out only 34 times last year, or just once every 14 times at bat.

Oliver grew up in Portsmouth, Ohio. His mother died when he was 11, leaving the raising of two boys and a girl to Al Oliver Sr., a bricklayer. "The day I was called up to the majors in 1969 was the day my father died," Al Jr. says.

Oliver pussed up a basketball scholarship at Kent State to sign with Pittsburgh for \$5,000 in 1964. Shortly after that, he discovered the Phillies would have given him \$25,000 to sign. From that time on, Oliver always felt he was being short-changed by the Pirate management, and he was grateful when Pittsburgh traded him to the Rangers in December of 1977. Oliver, a lefthanded catcher in high school, moved through the Pirates' farm system as a first baseman but played rightfield in his first major league game. "Larry Shepard, who was the manager, wanted to rest Roberto Clemente in the second game of a doubleheader against Cincinnati," Oliver recalls. "I should have known then what was in store for me. I was destined to play a position I didn't like."

For the next few years the Pirates platooned Oliver with Bob Robertson at first base and Gene Clines in centerfield. "I had never heard of the word platoon before," Oliver says. "I didn't even know I couldn't hit lefthanded pitching until they told me." When the Pirates finally started to play Oliver full time, he was put in centerfield so Willie Stargell could play first.

In 1973 Oliver had his most productive power year, hitting 20 home runs and driving in 99 runs while batting .292. In 1974 he had 198 hits and finished second, at .321, in the National League batting race to Ralph Garr (.353). Throughout his career Oliver has suffered freak injuries at inopportune times. In 1976 he was leading the National League at the All-Star break with a .360 average, but he got an inner-ear infection and dropped to .323 by season's end. In 1978, his first

year with the Rangers, Oliver was benched for a month in the middle of the season by a pulled muscle under his rib cage; the injury cost him a 200-hit, 100-RBI season. Last year he sprained his wrist diving for a Bucky Dent line drive and missed three weeks of play.

Despite his objections to playing rightfield, Oliver is happy to be a Ranger. In his very first game at Texas' Arlington Stadium in 1978, he was greeted by a WELCOME HOME, AL banner. He received a standing ovation during infield practice, and, well, it's been a mutual love affair ever since. "The fans are great in Texas," Oliver says. "The standing Os are almost unbelievable. They make me humble, and I'm not a humble guy."

In his first year in the American League, Oliver's .324 was second to Carraway's .333. Still, he got no recognition. "I was on an airplane after the season, and this stewardess notices my World Series and All-Star rings," Oliver says. "She asked me who I was, and when I told her, I could see she didn't know. She asked me who I played for, and when I said, 'Texas,' she thought I meant the team in the Dome. Then I asked her if she'd ever heard of Rod Carew, and she said yes. I asked her if she'd heard of Jim Rice, and she said yes. So I said, 'Well, I'm the guy who finished between them in the batting race.'"

Complicating Oliver's identity crisis is the fact that he plays on a team that doesn't win enough to warrant national attention. When he was with the Pirates, they won, but he was always overshadowed—first by Clemente, then by Stargell and Dave Parker. This season Texas has a good chance to catch the public's fancy by winning the relatively weak American League West, but Oliver is still a little worried. "It's funny, but it seems that when I'm hitting, the team doesn't go so good," he says. "For once I'd like to see the club go just like me, hand in hand."

"The other night, as we were driving back from the game, my daughter Felisa, who's seven, says, 'Daddy, how come they don't clap for you when you come to bat, like they do for Reggie?' I told her it was one of two things: either the people in the stands don't read the newspapers, or my name doesn't get into the newspapers for them to read. But, you know, when I hear that silence as I come to bat, I like to think of it as respect for a master at work."

continued



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THE WEEK

April 9-12
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST Greg Luzinski, who has slumped down by 24 pounds since last season, and Dave Kingman, who has bedded up by 15, both got the results they sought. In his first at bat, Luzinski, who now weighs 214, slugged a three-run homer to help Philadelphia beat Montreal 6-3. The Phillies also defeated the Expos 6-2, despite giving up 10 walks, including a league-record five to Rodney Scott. Kingman, now a 225-pounder, contributed two big blases in a five-homer barrage that provided all the runs as the Cubs dumped New York 3-5. Jerry Martin also had two home runs in that game, Kingman unloaded No. 3 and Barry Foote hit a three-run shot the next day as the Cubs downed the Mets 6-3.

THE MAGIC IS BACK. New York's new slogan, in part of a reported \$400,000 ad campaign to reawaken fan interest. The most impressive trick for Mets rooters during a season-opening 5-2 win over Chicago was Craig Swan's pitching and hitting. He had two singles and two RBIs.

The world champion Pirates took two of three against the Cardinals without hitting a homer and without using ace Reliever Koltz Tekalve. Ed Ott's two-run single in the ninth made Pittsburgh a 4-3 winner, and Jim Bibbey's six-hitter and four hits by Omar Moreno produced a 7-2 triumph. St. Louis had opened the series with a 1-0 victory behind the nine-strikeout, three-hit pitching of Pete (Kooky Vookey) Vuckovich. Said Stan Musial of Vuckovich: "The guy throws the best right-handed breaking pitches I ever saw."

PHIL 2-0 PITTS 2-1 CHIC 2-1
STL 1-2 NYY 1-2 MONT 0-2

NL WEST "Our ball club is 100% ready," Atlanta Manager Bob Cox said as he waited for the Braves to face Tom Seaver on Opening Day in Cincinnati. Maybe so, but clearly Atlanta was not set for Tom's terrific replacement, Frank Pastore, who started instead of the flu-ridden Seaver. Pastore pitched the Reds' first Opening Day shutout since 1943, winning 9-0 with the aid of a homer and four RBIs by George Foster. Next time out, another Foster home run, Mike LaCoss' seven-hitter and four Atlanta errors enabled the Reds to win 6-0 in a rain-shortened six-inning game. The Braves seemed about to notch their first win the following day after they ended a 21-inning scoreless drought with a four-run seventh. But one strike from a 4-3 victory, Atlanta was stunned by Dave Concepcion's two-run homer.

Like Cincy, San Diego won three at home

In between 6-4 and 4-2 victories over San Francisco, both of which were saved by Bob Shirley, the Padres triumphed 5-3 as Rolfie Fingers tossed 2½ innings of one-hit relief. Dave Winfield, who had turned off many Padres fans with his demand for a 10-year \$13 million contract, turned many of them back on by driving in seven runs, whalloping a homer, stealing a base and throwing out two base runners from rightfield. The Giants, who committed an error a game in 1979, had nine in the three outings in San Diego. Four were by Darrell Evans, who tied a league record for third basemen with three miscues in one inning. Houston and Los Angeles started off with a rousing four-game series (page 34).

SD 3-0 CIN 3-0 HOUS 2-1
LA 1-2 ATL 0-3 SF 0-3

AL WEST At 3:15 p.m. on Wednesday, Reliever Dave Heaverlo learned he had been waived from the A's to the Mariners. A little more than five hours later, he arrived at the Kingdom, where Seattle led Toronto 5-2. An hour after suiting up, Heaverlo came in to get the last four outs in an 8-6 victory. Of his swift trip, Heaverlo, who has shaved his head, said, "I saved a lot of time packing because I didn't need to take a hair dryer." Rick Honeycutt didn't need any relief help in beating the Blue Jays 3-2. Leon Roberts, who earlier in the game had had a homer and sacrifice fly, clinched Honeycutt's win with a home run in the 10th.

Five former New Yorkers helped the Rangers defeat the Yankees twice. Jon Matlack, once a Met, retired 25 of the final 26 batters he faced while matching Ron Gaudry's shut-out pitching for nine innings. Ex-Yankee Sparky Lyle then added 2½ innings of one-hit relief. And the game's only run came in the 12th when Mucky Rivers, late of the Yankees, scored from third as Reliever Goose Gosage, on his first delivery of the season, uncorked a wild pitch. The next night Texas won 11-7, with Rivers getting four hits and Rusty Staub, a onetime Met, hitting a pinch homer and going 3 for 3. Preserving the triumph with four innings of nifty relief was Dave Rajach, still another former Yankee.

Chicago beat Baltimore 8-6 and 8-2. Rookie Rich Donson, who picked up 14 outs with his baffling changeup, tossed a five-hitter in the second victory.

Joe Rud, who has been injury-plagued since joining the Angels in 1977, got off to a healthy start. He slammed three homers, two as California drubbed Cleveland 10-2.

Although Darrell Porter was undergoing treatment for alcoholism and Ames Otis was out with an injured finger, the Royals' offense was productive. Pete LaCoss's three RBIs and Larry Gura's six-hitter carried Kansas City past Detroit 4-0 one day, and a 15-hit attack subdued the Tigers 8-6 the next

"This team's going to learn to hate to lose," said Billy Martin, Oakland's new skipper. The A's surely hated it when the Twins, who were one out from a 7-5 loss, tied the score on Willie Norwood's two-run single and won 9-7 when Ray Smalley and Rick Soffel homered in the 12th. The victor was rookie Doug Corbett, who gave up one hit in five innings of relief. Oakland won the next day 1-0 behind the four-hit pitching of Matt Keough. Then came more cause for hate, Geoff Zahn yielding only three singles in a 6-0 Minnesota victory.

TEX 2-0 CHIC 2-1 KC 2-1 SEA 2-1
MINN 2-1 CAL 1-1 OAK 1-2

AL EAST The Milwaukee general manager, Harry Dalton, made four phone calls to Florida to advise Manager George Bamberger, who's home recuperating from heart surgery, of the Brewers' opening-game progress against the Red Sox. Thus, Bamberger learned that Milwaukee trailed by three runs, later led by two, then blew the lead in the ninth and finally won 9-5 when Sinto Lezcano hit a two-out grand slam in the bottom of that inning. Bamberger also learned by phone that in their next outing the Brewers creamed Boston 18-1. Grand slams by Cecil Cooper and Denis Money in the second inning tied a major league one-inning record, the three slams in two games equaled another big-league mark. In all, the Brewers had nine homers in the two games and got nine RBIs from Lezcano. Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, playing his 20th straight opener, hit a 420-foot home run.

Three-time Cy Young Award winner Jim Palmer beat Chicago 5-3 in the Orioles' opener; but Mike Flanagan, who won the award last season, was battered for seven runs the next day as the White Sox rallied to win 8-4. Flanagan had been staked to a 2-0 lead when Ken Singleton's long drive added to his remarkable record of slugging in support of the leftlander. Since the two have been teammates, Singleton has hit 36 of his 94 homers in games started by Flanagan.

New York's Tommy John, the 1979 season's Cy Young runner-up, was bombed, too. In 4½ innings against Texas, John was pounded for nine hits and six runs.

Superb pitching buoyed Detroit and Cleveland. Jack Morris of the Tigers, backed by rookie Kirk Gibson's homer and triple, beat the Royals 5-1 on a three-hitter. And the Indians' Len Barker defeated the Angels 2-1.

Toronto's Bobby Matlack, at 64 the second-oldest rookie manager ever, praised John Mayberry for hitting three homers, even though the clouds came in two defeats. But the hit Matlack got the biggest kick out of was a two-run single by Roy Howell in the 11th that finished off Seattle 10-7.

ML 2-0 CLE 1-1 BAL 1-2 DET 1-2
TOR 1-2 BOS 0-2 NYY 0-2

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Bruner and the burners

Mike Bruner made a fired-up comeback at the national championships, but he wasn't as hot as record-setters Rowdy Gaines, Mary T. Meagher and Par Arvidsson

Last week's U.S. Indoor Swimming Championships seemed unlikely to require a rewrite of the record book. The competition at the Texas Swimming Center in Austin came hard on the heels of both the men's and women's collegiate championships, which meant there would be a lot of weary, if not absent, collegians. As for those swimmers not yet in college or those who had graduated, this is—or was—an Olympic year, and most of them had decided to train right through this meet and peak for the Olympic Trials. But in swimming, the record book is never inviolate. By the time the meet came to a close last Saturday, three world records had changed hands.

The marks all fell on Friday, one day after President Carter had made it clear that no American athlete would compete in the Olympics and one day before the U.S. Olympic Committee announced it wouldn't attempt to send a team to the U.S.S.R. It was therefore a symbolic parting shot at Moscow when Auburn University junior Rowdy Gaines swam the 200-meter freestyle in 1:49.16 to break the world record held by Sergei Kopylov of the U.S.S.R. by .67.

The other world records were set in the men's and women's 100 butterflys. Par Arvidsson, a University of California junior who comes from Sweden, and thus still has a chance of competing in Moscow, swam a 54.15 in his preliminary heat to break Joe Bottom's mark of 54.18 and then came back in the finals to win in 54.20, the third-fastest time ever. In the women's 100, 15-year-old high school freshman Mary T. Meagher beat University of Texas freshman Jill Sterkel, who had set four American records at last month's AIAW meet, and Tracy Caulkins, the 1978 Sullivan Award winner, while breaking the world record of 59.46 held by Andrea Pollack of East Germany by .2.

Meagher also won the 200 fly in the second-fastest time in history, but her 2:08.69 was more than a second slower than her own world mark. Meagher's double was particularly impressive because she is still feeling the aftereffects of a collapsed lung she suffered in Decem-

ber. That might have ended some swimmers' seasons, but Meagher dismissed it after her 200 as "the reason it went so slow." She seemed oblivious to the fact that no other female butterfly swimmer in the world has ever gone that "slow."

Despite the dazzling performances in the other butterfly events, it was the men's 200 fly that turned out to be the highlight of the meet. The race featured what may well turn out to be the best field that will be assembled in the event this year. It included all three medalists from Montreal—Mike Bruner, who set the still-standing world record of 1:59.23 in winning the gold, and Steve Gregg and Bill Forrester, who took the silver and bronze, respectively. Also on the blocks were the 1979 Pan American Games gold medalist Craig Beardsley and Arvidsson, who had doubled at last summer's FINA Cup in Tokyo in the 100 and 200 fly and did so again at the NCAA championships three weeks ago, setting U.S. open records in the process. Filling out the field of eight were Ed Ryder (Mission Viejo), Phil Hubble of England, and George Nagy of Canada. In a sense the international field at Austin had turned this race into the equivalent of a counter-Olympic event, the only top butterflyers missing being East Germany's Roger Pytel and Sergey Fesenko of the Soviet Union.

What's more, the race actually exceeded premeet expectations. After 100 meters, Hubble, Forrester, Arvidsson and Bruner were all under the split of 58.10 that Bruner had recorded in his world-record swim, while Nagy was right on that time. As Arvidsson surged into the lead on the third lap, Bruner found himself headed for trouble. Approaching the wall, he realized he had trapped himself

into making a poor turn. "I couldn't take another stroke or I'd have ended up with my head in the wall," he said later. "I just had to kick all the way in. I felt surrounded. I felt like the whole world was going past me."

By the time Bruner came out of his botched turn, he realized there was no choice but to burn the entire final lap if he was to catch Arvidsson. Bruner pulled even with about 20 meters to go, inched in front and then, taking a final gulp of air, put his shaved head down *continued*



Bruner's latest goals don't include any golds

and flailed toward the wall. Coming up for his final breath, Arvidsson glanced sideways and realized he was beaten. A look of shock and disappointment spread over his face before he plunged his head back into the water and took two half-hearted strokes to get home. Arvidsson's lapse in the final few meters allowed Beardsley to pass him for second. Bruner's third turn had probably cost him a world record, but his time of 1:59.48 broke the meet record he had set in 1977.

For Bruner, 23, the win capped a remarkable comeback. At last year's NCAA championships, Bruner, then a senior at Stanford, had failed to make the finals in any event. A few weeks later he graduated with a degree in art and went to work as a sales clerk. His training lapsed. At last year's outdoor nationals in August, his best finish in any event was a 12th. Like most college graduates, Bruner seemed to be phasing himself out of competitive swimming, an impression that gained substance when he married Melanie Watson late in August. But by then, Bruner actually had decided to take one more stab at the sport.

The catalyst for that decision was a phone call from Bruner's coach for eight years, Bill Rose, who had taken a job in Canada after the '76 Olympics. Rose was the only coach that Bruner felt he had ever really responded to, and Rose's absence may explain Bruner's poor recent showings. Late last spring, Rose called to tell Bruner he would be back in the U.S. in the fall, coaching at Arizona State. Then Rose began to use a little psy-

chology on his old swimmer. "I don't think there's anyone who trains as intensely as Mike Bruner," says Rose. "He feels, and so do I, that he's not a good swimmer. He's not a good athlete. He doesn't play any other sport well. But he's tremendously goal-oriented. The key is to set one up for him that he probably can't reach."



Mogger and mascot shared plaudits for her mark

Rose asked Bruner if he might like to try for one more Olympics. "You know," the coach told Bruner, "if he had just thought of it, there was no way he could to-back 200 butterfly in the Olympics."

That was the goal Bruner needed. In September he and Melanie moved to Tempe. She took a full-time job as a waitress so her husband could make training for Moscow his full-time job. When talk of the boycott started, Bruner became depressed, but Melanie never wavered. "She would sit and listen to me gripe," he says. "When I got really frustrated, she'd let me blow it all off at her. There's no way I could have made this comeback without her."

In the meantime, a chiropractor had rid Bruner of a troublesome back ailment, and Ric Gluckstein, a weight coach, got him interested in weightlifting and nu-

trition. Bruner weighed 165 pounds in Montreal, but in Austin last week he was a trim 158. As one old friend noted incredulously, "He's got muscles now." Bruner also had a firm set of goals in mind. He wanted to be the men's individual high point scorer at the meet, and this summer, instead of gold medals, he wants world records in the 200 butterfly and in the 400, 800 and 1,500 frees.

Both the male and female high point scorers at the national championship win a Robert J. H. Kipphuth Memorial Award. Each receives an engraved silver tray and a \$1,000 scholarship to be allocated to any school. Kipphuth awards have been presented at every national championship since 1968 and have proved remarkably accurate harbingers of success in Olympic years. In 1972 Mark Spitz won the Kipphuth and went on to win seven gold medals at Munich. In 1976 John Naber won the award before winning four golds and a silver in Montreal. Those are the two biggest medal hauls in Olympic swimming history. Last week in Austin, Mike Bruner won the Kipphuth, undaring to the swimming world that he would have been all but unbeatable in Moscow.

The win in the 200 was just the first step. With only an hour's rest, Bruner swam the 800 free and finished third in 8:03.7, his best time ever in that event. Doc Counsilman, the venerable Indiana coach, called it "the best double I've ever seen in swimming." The next night Bruner won the 400 free in 3:52.24, once again a personal best. On the last night of the meet Bruner clinched the high point title by winning the 1,500 in 15:19.76. For the first 900 meters, he was ahead of the pace that Brian Goodell had set in his 14:03.05 world record performance at the Montreal Olympics, and though Bruner faded at the end, he once again had a personal best, this time by five full seconds.

"After the season I had last year, I had to win here," Bruner said. "I know everyone was saying, 'Bruner's through.' I wanted to win here to show the world that age has nothing to do with winning. Winning is a matter of desire."

He paused thoughtfully. "Looking back on it, if I'd known there was going to be an Olympic boycott, I probably wouldn't have been bothered. But that's what made this meet so important. I wanted to feel that everything I've done has been worth it. Now I do."



Gaines left their goggles-eyed in the 200 free

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"I'm not perfect," Marshall Holman says, "but I'm as close as anybody can get." Right you are, Marshall Holman. You're a perfect boor. A perfect twerp. A perfect pest. A perfect pain in the you-know-what. Yes, Marshall, you are the perfect hot dog, and there's not enough Gulden's in all those dirty yellow squirt tubes at the concessions counters on the Pro Bowlers tour to cover your act.

Holman is the bowler that people everywhere love to hate. When he makes a big shot in a match, he stomps his feet, punches the air, leaps, spins around and lets out the sort of snarl that drill sergeants emit during bayonet training. Boo. When an opponent makes a big shot, Holman sticks his fingers in his ears to drown out the crowd's cheers. Boo. Holman also enjoys stirring up fans by bending over and presenting his posterior. Boo.

On the whole, the 25-year-old Holman qualifies as a *summa cum laude* graduate of the Nastase-Connors-McEnroe school of childish behavior, though, it must be conceded, there seems to be method to his madness. Indeed, not only is he a certified hot dog, heavy on the mustard, but he is also the hottest young hotshot ever to perform regularly on the pro bowling tour. Holman has won 11 PBA titles and more than \$350,000 in

his seven seasons, and in 1979 he averaged 217 pins per game—third behind Mark Roth's record 221 and Earl Anthony's 219—as he became the third and youngest bowler in PBA history to earn more than \$100,000 in one year.

Holman joined the \$100,000 club by throwing seven strikes in his first eight frames en route to a victory that was worth \$21,000 in the last stop on the schedule, the Brunswick Memorial World Open at Deerfield, Ill. He also won the World Open in 1977, when he somehow rolled a 277 the last day after having spent most of the previous night playing cards. In 1976 Holman won bowling's

premier event, the Firestone Tournament of Champions, and this week in Akron he will try to take the T of C again.

"Marshall's only trouble is that he simply can't cope with defeat and can't lose gracefully," says PBA Tournament Director Harry Golden. "He needs humility. But Marshall's trouble is not all his fault. Many fans come just to watch Marshall and to get on him. I've had to quiet down crowds because they sent up such crescendos when Holman was on the lanes that it disturbed other bowlers."

What may have triggered Holman's hate affair with the fans was a 1976 T of C match against Dick Weber, who is the antithesis of Holman: a perfect gentleman, a humble winner, a gracious loser. The score was close until Holman was left with a nasty split in the 10th frame. While Holman pouted, the crowd cheered his misfortune. Some spectators carried on at such length and with such venom that Weber felt compelled to tell them to knock it off. They did—temporarily. Ever since, it has been fashionable to dump on Holman, who, of course, has never hesitated to return the favor.

Holman has been involved in other flare-ups, including a 1979 incident at a tournament in Seattle that got him on probation for a year. Hall of *continued*

Too bold to cut the mustard?

Marshall Holman is a hot dog to some fans, but others really relish his style



Fame Bowler Dave Davis, the TV color commentator at that event, recalls, "Jeff Mattingly needed three strikes in the 10th to beat Holman 258-257 and take the lead into the next day's finals. After Jeff got a strike on his first ball, Marshall kicked a chair and sent it banging around. After the second strike, Marshall kicked the ball rack right next to Jeff. After the third strike, Holman went crazy, throwing pencils and being obnoxious. It was disgusting. On the lanes Marshall can be a jerk. Off the lanes he's marvelous."

Holman is hardly at a loss to explain his misbehavior. "To me, the bowling center is my office," he says. "When things aren't going well for me at the lanes, I let loose. I don't think it's healthy to take your troubles back to your room or your family. I just wish everyone could sit down and have a meal with me. They'd find I'm a decent guy. When I leave the lanes, I leave my game there."

Maybe so, but if Holman persists in letting loose on the lanes during his probation, he could be suspended indefinitely from the tour. "I'm being forced to make changes," Holman says. "I'll always be me, but now I have to think about what I can or cannot do. If I calm down like the average pro, I'd probably calm my earnings way down. Sure, a lot of people root against me. A group in Chicago wrote that they were disgusted with me, slapped me in the face for being Jewish and wished that I'd get cancer. But there are also plenty of people who enjoy what I do. I've done more to help pro bowling than any other bowler. Already I see other young bowlers on the tour imitating me—and getting away with it."

To Holman, it is imperative that the PBA change its bland and boring image. What bowling needs, he believes, is someone with flair. Someone like, well, Marshall Holman.

Holman has his supporters, too, including Anthony and Roth, each of whom won three Bowler of the Year awards in the past six seasons, and Hall of Famer Carmen Salvino. "We need bowlers who will attract the public," says Anthony, one of the most tranquil of all bowlers. "Right now Marshall is taking a lot of heat, but the day will come when he'll polish his act, and he'll go from arrogance to colorfulness."

Or as Holman says, "If I were 30, people might say I was just confident."

"Let Marshall do his thing," Roth pleads. "That's how he gets pumped up.

I think he's great. But there are guys on the tour who hate his guts." Unfortunately, most bowlers who harbor such feelings refuse to speak up, even off the record, preferring not to rile Holman, who performs best when he feels put upon.

"Holman is our Nastase," Salvino says. "Athletes can be colorful in various ways. Some bring out warmth, some bring out laughs. Some, like Holman, bring out the hostility in fans. That's not all bad. People want to love and people want to hate. That's human nature. Sadly, the PBA doesn't encourage individualism among its bowlers. That's why Holman stands out. It's nice to have somebody like him on the tour, somebody who's not a robot."

To Holman's way of thinking, holding back one's emotions or opinions is a form of dishonesty. So he doesn't

"In a restaurant, if Marshall's eggs are not just the way he likes them, he'll tell the waitress, 'I won't eat this crap,'" says Roy Buckley, one of Holman's friends on the tour. "It embarrasses me to be around him when he's that bold. But if his eggs are done right, he'll tell the waitress, 'They were perfect. Great job.' That's the way Marshall is. He can be very understanding about many things. So polite. He can also be offensive and unpolite. I like Marshall. It's just that he's like a mustang; he has to be broken."

"I suppose I do him it up at times," Holman admits. "I probably got that from my father. He was a disc jockey for KFHA in Medford, Oregon, where I grew up. In 1952 my dad became a broadcaster-flagpole sitter. He was known as 'Holman the Poleman.'"

"Yes, I think Marshall does some of my bits," says Phil Holman, who is called the Bald Go by his son. "He's a lulu. What he does is showmanship. Marshall represents the young people of today and their philosophy of saying what they think. He's flashy and sophisticated, and he speaks well. Sure, he comes off like a smart aleck, and he's cocky and he glares, and some people don't like his Elvis Presley moves. But when he was in high school, I called him 'America's leading underachiever.' He was smart, but he didn't apply himself. And he was so quiet, I don't know what brought about the transformation."

Marshall may have been quiet around home, but he was explosive on the lanes even as a teen-ager. Andy Anderson, the

proprietor of the lanes where Holman honed his game, says, "The city fathers of bowling called him down several times. They didn't like him kicking the ball rack and making obscene gestures."

Nobody booed Holman in 1971 when he had a brief fling on the tour. Some looked askance at the long hair he wore then, but he simply couldn't bowl well enough to attract all that much attention. Only 17, Holman was too awed by the big-name pros he had idolized and too confused by the grind of circuit life to bowl as well as he had in Medford.

So Holman went home, having won only \$500. After bowling a couple of years in the Northwest, he returned to the tour in 1974. "Back then I practiced every day, 20 games at least," Holman says. "My dedication made me a good bowler. Now I'm lazy. I rarely stay on the tour for more than three, four weeks at a time before I go home for a rest."

Some people would prefer that Holman stay permanently with his wife, Barbara, at their place outside of Medford. But others, like Salvino, believe Holman belongs on the tour. "I've encouraged Marshall," Salvino says, "but I've also told him, 'You have to avoid being vulgar.' All he needs is maturity, and that will come. If there were 20 Holmans on the tour, there wouldn't be enough room for the crowds."

Holman's bowling style is, like his behavior, explosive. He may be small at 5'9" and 140 pounds, but he roils heavy. While preparing to bowl, Holman stands with his heels off the end of the approach. Then he darts madly across the 15 feet to the head of the lane—knees bent, body crouched low, feet scurrying—arcing the 16-pound ball through the backswing and, finally, whipping it violently forward. Holman bowls with so much power that his right arm sometimes cracks across his forehead and mustache as he executes his exaggerated follow-through.

"I'm fortunate," he says. "My game blends well with today's lane conditions, which favor hard-throwing crankers."

As for his behavior, there have been indications in recent months that Holman may be undergoing a change of image. "Marshall has been congratulating guys who've beaten him," says Golden. "He even hugged one guy."

Holman, however, rejects the possibility of a personality transplant. "Nobody is ever going to change me," he says. "Nobody." Hooray! Booo. PHOTO



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The Mexican machine makes his mark

Salvador Sanchez was lying on a Tucson hotel-room bed last Thursday, idly folding a \$10 bill into a tight half-inch-by-one-inch rectangle. Then he and his buddies would chortle at the uninitiated who couldn't figure out how to unfold the bill without tearing it. "Doing this kills time," Sanchez explained.

What else do you do so kill time?

"I hammer watches."

And with that, the WBC featherweight champion afforded himself the luxury of another small laugh. He doesn't laugh much, on the grounds that boxing, for those who do it well, is serious business. On Saturday afternoon in Tucson, the stoic, 21-year-old Mexican said, "I like to take care of my responsibilities properly." Then he walked out and made all 45 minutes of his bout against the No. 3-ranked contender, Ruben Castillo, count as he won a unanimous 15-round decision. It was a brilliant display of non-stop aggression and classic boxing.

It was also Sanchez' first defense since he upset Danny (Little Red) Lopez on Feb. 2 to win the championship. Sanchez' defeat of Castillo served notice that his 13th-round TKO of Lopez was no fluke. Don Georgino, president of Five Star Promotions, which, with Madison Square Garden, put on the fight, said of Sanchez, "I look on him as a machine."

If, as Webster's has it, a machine is a "device . . . which may serve to transmit and modify force and motion so as to do some desired kind of work," Sanchez was all of that. And because of television's renewed interest in boxing (ABC put up \$450,000 for rights to televise this fight and a summer rematch between Lopez and Sanchez), it could be that Sanchez will join Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Duran, Pinino Cuevas and Wilfredo Gomez as one of those non-heavyweights who can generate a following and make very big bucks. When Sanchez, who is

WBC featherweight champion Salvador Sanchez stamped out Ruben Castillo

starting to draw squeals on the streets with his good looks—though he attracted only 3,875 paying fans to the 9,000-seat arena at the Tucson Community Center—is asked if he thinks of himself as handsome, he says, "Certainly not. I think of myself as very, very handsome."

Sanchez was born and raised in San-

tigo Tanguistenco, a village of 3,000 people some 30 miles south of Mexico City that prides itself on the quality of the corn it grows. He is one of 11 children; his father, Felipe, owns a small construction company and wishes his kids liked loading sand and bricks onto trucks better.

Like so many who gravitate to the sport, Sanchez got into fighting early. At school? "No, only before and after school," he says. "Trouble would start when the other guys would look me over and see how little I was and then steal my books and pencils." It got more serious when they began to call him *nena*, or little girl. "Then I would have to show them I had the tools," Sanchez says.

continued



After six rounds, Sanchez (left) was trailing, but he came on relentlessly for a unanimous decision



Castillo (top) sought to rule the roost, but it's Sanchez who went home with the championship.



"There were a lot of bloody noses and bloody eyes. Unfortunately, sometimes they were mine."

Understandably, he sought more formal instruction in boxing, and, "I found I liked to defend myself." And hit others? "Sure, sure, mostly to hit others." So his interest grew, despite the fact that nobody else around the Sanchez home gave boxing very high marks. Salvador's oldest brother, Thomas, 26, recalls that their mother "was always after Salvador to stop fighting. We all were. None of us paid any attention to his boxing. Actually, we thought it was a thing youngsters go through and then get over. We kept telling him that there was nothing for him in boxing and we never took it seriously."

But Salvador did, running up a 14-0 amateur record before turning pro in 1975, at age 16. His record is now 34-1-1; his sole loss came in 1977 to Antonio Becerra (says Sanchez, predictably, "I was robbed"). The draw occurred in a 1978 bout with Juan Escobar (which most neutral observers think Sanchez actually lost).

"I am an intelligent boxer who changes depending on my opponent," says Sanchez. The best example of this was in his preparation for the Lopez fight. Sanchez' handlers warned that he would have to be far more mobile than he had been and that the most effective punch against Lopez would be an overhand right—which Sanchez didn't have. But by fight time, he was a changed man. He moved in and out, side to side, bobbing and weaving. "He looked like Willie Pep," says matchmaker Mickey Davies. And eventually it was Sanchez' overhand right that did in Lopez.

A most interested observer in Tucson last week, Lopez recalled that dismal day. "He had my style all figured out." Little Red said. "Then I proceeded to fight a totally stupid fight. Sanchez is a boxer. There wasn't one punch that hurt me, but all of them did. He just peppered the heck out of me. He surprised me last time, but next time I'll be in there with my blood pumping."

Nonetheless, Sanchez is expected to beat Lopez in the rematch. At 27, Little Red appears suddenly to have grown too old. His punches against Sanchez had no snap, his movement was slo-mo. Sanchez agrees. "You ask me is Lopez too old,"

he says. "As a person, no. As a boxer, yes." Whatever, according to the terms of the rematch clause in the contract for the first Lopez-Sanchez fight, Sanchez will get a \$100,000 payday to back up his words while Lopez will get \$130,000.

There are other reasons, aside from his considerable boxing skills, for Sanchez' success in the ring, notably his physical condition. He exudes good health, maintains a rigorous diet—back-sliding only for an occasional soda or chocolate bar—and gulps vitamins. He and his handlers brag about his powers of recuperation between rounds. Before their bout, Castillo was a little put off by all this chatter and said, "What if I hit him on the chin and he only has eight seconds to recuperate? Look at his nose all over his face. He didn't get that from having his picture taken." Sanchez' doctor countered that the configuration of the schnozz is hereditary and unrelated to anyone's gloves.

Once Felipe Sanchez got used to the idea that his son was going to box regardless of family wishes, he offered only one piece of advice: "No matter how good you are, never underestimate your opponent."

"That made sense," said Salvador in Tucson. "I've never forgotten that."

So can Castillo win?

"No, no, not hardly."

In truth, Castillo, who's 22, almost did win, and Sanchez' old man would have ample reason to say, "I told you so." While the three judges scored the contest 145-141, 147-144 and 146-142, it was closer than that in most eyes.

Castillo is a colorful little guy who was called a "chicken" by Jesus Hernandez before their fight in Bakersfield, Calif. in 1978. Ruben beat Hernandez and since then has taken to bringing a rooster with him when he enters the ring. Castillo's record is now 44-2, and he boxed magnificently and effectively against Sanchez. After the fight he groused, "He hit me with some good shots. I hit him with better ones. Why should I feel bad? I won the fight. The way it looked today was I had to knock him out to get a draw."

Castillo started off strong, winning most of the first half-dozen rounds and generating gasps from the crowd with his celebrated left hook. At the end of the fifth, Castillo walked to his corner,

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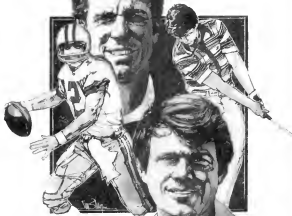
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BOXING continued

confidently gesturing that victory was at hand. By the end of the sixth round, the judges still had him ahead. It seemed then that he was well on his way to winning a world championship, which wasn't exactly what Castillo's Catholic school education in Bakersfield was supposed to prepare him for. "We were taught always to turn the other cheek," he says. "The only trouble is when you do that, you get your butt kicked. So what I really learned is never to turn the other cheek."

He didn't Saturday, fighting with discipline, hoping for a chance to pin Sanchez against the ropes, where he would abruptly switch from his conventional right-hand style to that of a southpaw. But he never got the opportunity, and by the end of the seventh round, Sanchez had moved ahead in the scoring, and he stayed ahead.

The key to the fight was that while Sanchez clearly lost the early rounds, he just as clearly was the aggressor. "Castillo's problem is he backs up," said Sanchez before the fight. "So I will press him." Effective as Castillo is as a counterpuncher and as powerful as his left hook is, Sanchez made the fight throughout. In the 10th round, Sanchez erupted with his best bit of fighting—two overhand rights and four left jabs that ruffled Castillo seriously. But he couldn't put Castillo away, because, as he admits, he lacks a knockout punch.

In the 11th, Castillo got back in the bout, connecting with more left hooks. In the final round Sanchez, grinding his teeth in frustration, was surely ahead, but the crowd was cheering his opponent. Then came a correct but well-boiled decision.

Despite his claim that his best punch is "both hands," Sanchez won with his straight right. He was generous afterward, saying of Castillo, "I tried to bust him up but I couldn't." Yet he bristled at the idea that he might not have really won. "Sure I did," he said. "He kept backing away and I kept hitting him. So I win." Castillo reacted to Sanchez' analysis by saying, "There's a time to back up, and if you don't do it, there's a time when you sure wish you had."

For a good effort, Castillo was paid \$22,500. For a better effort, Sanchez collected \$110,000, which is a lot of \$10 bills to fold into little rectangles. **END**

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... Roberts and Bowman working the bench

As the ice chips settled last weekend following the first leg of the Stanley Cup playoffs, Gordie Howe was heading for retirement, the Atlanta Flames—KO'd by the New York Rangers—were checking out the mortgage rates in Calgary; Scotty Bowman was nursing a large lump on his skull; and Dave (Tiger) Williams, inflictor of said lump, was pleading the Fifth. "I don't know what happened," said Williams, the volatile Vancouver wing who apparently clouted Bowman with the blade of his stick after throwing a vicious but unsuccessful check at Buffalo's Rob Mongrain. "But you know, Scotty is such a good strategy man, he'd try any trick in the book to upset us. Even getting knocked cold."

Nothing so drastic is likely to be found in Bowman's library of game plans, but then again, with Bowman you never know. After coaching Montreal to four straight Stanley Cups, Bowman—miffed because the Canadiens wouldn't give him the vacant general manager's job—went to Buffalo last summer and introduced the Sabres to the concept of multiple coaches, an idea borrowed from football, baseball and European hockey. "When I coached the 1976 Canada Cup team," says Bowman, "I had Don Cherry upstairs, Bobby Kromm on the bench and Al MacNeil scouting. And we won that series on a point Cherry noticed from up top—the Czech goalie came way out

of the net on breakaways, and you could beat him by going around him, which is what Darryl Sittler did to get the winning goal in overtime. In hockey, the guy who's busy changing players doesn't see every little thing. Extra coaches who specialize can add so much."

When the Bowman plan is at all-systems-go, Scotty himself patrols the Buffalo bench, matching lines and criticizing and counseling his players, while Associate Coach Roger Neilson watches from the rafters and, by means of a radio hook-up, rattles off a stream of information to Assistant Coach Jim Roberts, who wears a headset and works alongside Bowman. The Bowman plan worked wonderfully this season: Buffalo had the NHL's second-best record and won the Vezina Trophy (for yielding the fewest goals) by a wide margin, just as Scotty's Montreal teams had done for four straight years.

"With three coaches, you can control the situation better," says Neilson, who coached the Toronto Maple Leafs singlehandedly from 1977 to 1979. Indeed, in Vancouver Friday night, three coaches proved none too many for the Sabres. Most teams would be shook up if the opposition high-sticked their coach, but Neilson and Roberts merely traded posts until a stitched-up and seething Bowman returned to the bench in the second period. Williams was suspended for one game and played spectator Saturday night as Buffalo beat Vancouver 3-1 to win the series three games to one.

The concept of a coaching staff rather than a lone coach is not altogether new to hockey. Eight years ago Fred Shero, then coaching Philadelphia, made Mike Nykoluk the NHL's first full-time assistant. Nykoluk moved to New York when Shero became the Ranger coach in 1978, and recently the Rangers have added Andre Beaulieu, who briefly coached Minnesota in 1978, as a second assistant. Against Atlanta last week, Nykoluk and Beaulieu made good use of a wireless communications system similar to the Sabres'. The Rangers hadn't beaten the Flames in Madison Square Garden in three years, but they swept both games there and then routed Atlanta 5-2 in

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Game 4 Saturday night at the Omni to take the series—and probably put an end to NHL hockey in Atlanta.

"When Scotty was in Montreal, sometimes he had Claude Ruel [the current Canadiens coach] in the press box, and they'd talk on the phone between periods," says Neilson. "But when I got here, I felt constant communication would be much more practical. For instance, if I see someone out of position, I can help correct it right away. You've got continual access to stats, and you're always aware of who's coming up in the other team's lineup. So much information is available immediately, using it as it happens can only help."

Neilson got the Motorola Company to devise the special pair of wireless headsets that he and Roberts use during games. "It's like a walkie-talkie, but it's actually a radio," he says. "We even had to get an FCC license for it."

Neilson also is a videotape freak—the Maple Leafs used to call him Captain Video—and every day he spends long hours reviewing replays of games involving the Sabres and most every other NHL team. "Television is a huge advantage in that it eliminates a lot of in-person scouting," he says. "When you haven't seen a team for a while, you review its recent games and try to spot tendencies."

When Neilson came from the Maple Leafs, he brought along statistician Al Dunford to work as his personal videotape man. Dunford edits and splices the clips for Neilson's pregame film festivals. One morning last week Neilson ordered up five-minute segments of Buffalo and Vancouver power-play setups and penalty-killing formations as well as his standard visual scouting report for the team meeting. "Instead of going on the ice and trying to demonstrate what went right or wrong, you take 15 minutes to show it," he says. "And by doing it in this form, players can become more efficient when they get back on the ice."

The indefatigable Neilson also prepares detailed report cards on the Sabres that note, for example, missed chances, bad passes and giveaways. All that paperwork is tedious, but, says Neilson, "That's the beauty of having three coaches. If I had to run practice, scout film, plan strategy and do reports, do you think I'd get it done by noon? I wouldn't get it done by tomorrow night."

Indeed, while Neilson labored over his presentation before Game 2 of the Van-

couver series, Bowman, who doubles as Buffalo's general manager, slept late, leaving Roberts in charge of the Sabres' morning skate. Roberts is the team's mother hen. He runs most practice sessions, handles travel arrangements and functions as a buffer between players and coaches. Perhaps because Roberts played the game so recently—he retired in 1978 after 16 seasons in the NHL, including nine under Bowman's coaching—he has a sympathetic ear for players' problems.

With Neilson responsible for game evaluation and preparation and Roberts running practices and leading cheers, Bowman is free to concentrate on what he chooses to. Although Neilson gives the pregame scouting report, Bowman still delivers the game plan. During some practices, Bowman steps in to make points. Behind the bench he is the law. Says Sabre Captain Danny Gare, who scored 53 goals this season, "Scotty is the best coach ever for getting things done in a game. The way he mixes lines, you never relax, because you never know when you're on again."

Next season, though, Bowman plans to concentrate on his non-coaching duties, and Neilson will become the No. 1 man behind the bench. "It shouldn't be any different," Neilson says. "Can you imagine some major company having only one executive in charge? Of course not. It's time hockey people recognized that hockey is a business, too. I'd like to see us have four coaches, maybe even more. There's enough responsibility to go around."

To say the least.

Sabre Wing Craig Ramsay, who played junior hockey for Neilson at Peterborough, Ont., tells about the time when Neilson, a bachelor, called him for advice on a social matter. "Roger had a date with some girl and couldn't decide if he should take her to a junior game or a banquet game," says Ramsay. "It was a real dilemma."

Which is something Buffalo hasn't faced all season. "We have been very, very fortunate," Neilson says. "Not a single injury. Thirteen guys played at least 75 of the 80 games. No adversity. We never lost more than two games in a row, and we did that only once—in December. I wonder how we will hurdle it when things do go down. That's the real test of any team." With three—count 'em, three—coaches, it should be a lot easier to clear.



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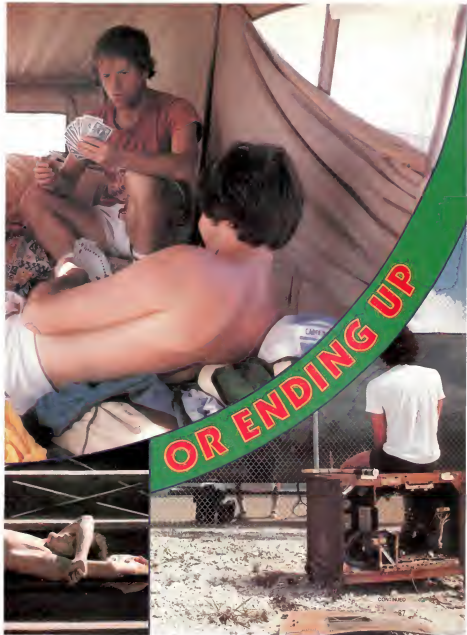
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The Penn Circuit can be the road to glory, or the road to nowhere, for tennis pros who are hoping to move up to the big-time tour

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**



Racket stringing, racket swinging and even racket smothering are all part of an ordinary week on the pro satellite circuit



Bends of sweat glistened on his eyebrows, and the ends of his hair were starting to turn damp as Chip whacked away furiously, like some demented woodchopper. "Top spin," he thought. "Hit the ball early. Follow through." His capering shadow was 20 feet tall on the wall as he swung his tennis racket up on the ball, sending it banging against the back of a supermarket. Behind him was a car, its front end pointed toward him, its lights on, its motor idling. It was 1:30 a.m., and Chip was in an empty parking lot behind a closed Publix in Hialeah, Fla., practicing against a wall, trying to keep from going nowhere.

The night before, he had slept on three chairs outside a Holiday Inn. It was the high season in Florida, and the motel was overbooked. So he had put on three warmup suits and a leather jacket, and he still froze. He had survived, though, and in the morning he had won his first-round match. Tonight he could sleep in the car he had borrowed—if his knee would let him. But first he would practice and get a little tired, perhaps too tired to remember who and where he was. Then maybe he could sleep. "Top spin," muttered Chip.

What he wanted to forget was that he

PENN CIRCUIT

continued

was almost 24 years old, though he lied to most people and told them he was two years younger, that his knee hurt and that his father was waiting to hear from him back home in Texas. Most of all he wanted to forget about the Penna Circuit and that tomorrow would be only the second day of qualifying.

It was near the end of February, and Chip and more than 300 other players were in Hialeah for the first stop of the USTA/Penn National Circuit, the satellite tour that is the underground and minor leagues of tennis. On the Penn Circuit one rarely hears applause, only the anguished cry of a player missing a shot, because with each miss he gets closer to nowhere.

This is the circuit where one sees the game's fabric being woven—and sometimes unraveled; where a disgusted player will walk over to a garbage can and junk an armful of rackets only to have a solicitous girl friend retrieve them and hurry after him; where a young player can sit stock-still for an hour at a time, staring at a tennis ball, hoping to improve his concentration; and where groups of players discuss why they lost matches and conclude it was not because they failed to hit the right shots, but

because they were reluctant to cheat.

The Penn Circuit travels a purgatorial network of public parks and small private clubs where some of the locker rooms have no lockers and where the players never pass the pay phone without checking the coin-return box. But despite the poor facilities, each week pros from all over the world crowd around the tour-

namment desk to sign in. In Hialeah fully 40% of the participants had foreign addresses, and 13 of the top 16 seeds were from overseas. The entries included talented youngsters such as Gabriel Urpi of Spain, who won the 1978 Orange Bowl juniors' tournament; Ecuador's Raul Viver, the 1979 Orange Bowl champion; and Ben McKown, a three-

continued



Though some stay cool, disputes are common, because players make their own calls. And umpires intervene only on request.



PENN CIRCUIT

continued

Photo: Ken Karp / AP Wirephoto



The answer to that question on Kevin Karpas' shirt is, "Maybe, but you're hard to spot when you're out there in the crowd."

time All-America and current NCAA doubles champion from Texas' Trinity University. Also on hand were veterans like 33-year-old Ivan Molina, who once was ranked 54th in the world. And there was the group that included the likes of Chip, who is, in fact, not a real person, but a composite of a number of regulars on the Penn Circuit. These players are neither young nor old, and they are trying to live up to great but fading expectations. Rick Fagel, reputed to have one of the best forehands in the game, is one such pro. So is Van Wintsky, who, as a junior a few years back, was ranked on a par with John McEnroe. Neither of them, it must be said, contributed to the fictional Chip.

Chip came out of college three years ago as a two-time All-America and conference champion. He played the satellite circuit and did well right away, quickly moving up to the Grand Prix circuit, the high-priced habitat of Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors. But then he stopped winning. He went four months and won only two matches, and his computer ranking plummeted. His confidence was down, as was his game, so he decided to go back to school and finish the work for his degree in physical education while

he still had the time and inclination.

At Hialeah he was embarking on another try at pro tennis, only this time he had a greater seriousness of purpose, because he had seen the alternatives and hadn't liked them. For most of his life he had played tennis for the wrong reasons, because his father wanted him to, because it was easy, because it meant he never had to work during the summers. Now he would play it for himself. He knew that if he failed this time, if he didn't play well enough on the Penn Circuit to get back up to the Grand Prix, it meant that he would turn out like his father: teaching country-club ladies in dainty dresses, lying to them that their backhands looked improved. . . In a few years he'd be a burned-out hack working 14 hours a day and leaving a little piece of himself on the court each night when he walked away.

In tennis, computer points are what life's all about. Each week the latest results are fed into the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer, which then spews out the rankings of the world's top players. Pro tennis is a very exclusive club and the computer is its membership committee, and if you don't show it the proper credentials, the computer doesn't let you in.

The top 110 or so players in the world play the Grand Prix circuit, the multimillion-dollar series of tournaments sponsored by Volvo. The rest of the players work the Penn Circuit, a satellite tour of 30 or so \$7,000 tournaments spread over the year, where they try to earn enough computer points to scramble up into the big time. It's a tough, unrelenting chase.

Until this season there was another level of competition between the Penn Circuit and the Grand Prix, the American Express Challengere Series, whose events were worth \$25,000 apiece. In 1979 Vance Van Patten, the ATP Rookie of the Year, used this series to propel himself onto the Grand Prix tour. But American Express canceled the circuit this year. This means the competition on the Penn Circuit this season will be even more fierce, a crucible that will either turn a player into tempered steel or leave him on the slag heap.

The Penn Circuit is broken up into six segments of five tournaments each and a grand-finales tournament of champions. In each segment the top 32 play-

continued





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PENN CIRCUIT

continued



When there's no room at the Holiday Inn or money runs short, some players have to bug it.

ers over the first four weeks meet in a masters event in the fifth week. If a player appears in a match in the masters tournament, he's assured one ATP computer point. One point is good for a ranking of about 680th in the world, a position that some 50 or so players share.

There are other ways to show how tough the Penn Circuit is. Of the 345 en-

tries in the Hialeah tournament, the large majority were excellent players, the kind that could give lessons to your teaching pros, and yet fewer than 90 of them had earned even one point on the ATP computer. Last year Bjorn Borg led the rankings with 1,497 points amassed in 16 tournaments. He averaged 93 points per event. The 250th player in the world,

John Hayes of the U.S., had 34 points.

The competition is so fierce that the Penn Circuit remains virtually the only route in the U.S. by which a player can break in. The last one who didn't have to come up the hard way was McEnroe, who, as an 18-year-old in 1977, worked his way through the qualifying rounds at Wimbledon and wound up in the semifinals before he lost to Connors, thereby earning enough computer points to be eligible for Grand Prix events.

But McEnroe's story is so unusual that it is the tennis equivalent of Lana Turner being discovered in Schwab's Drugstore. The usual road is the one taken by Andres Gomez of Ecuador, who last year showed up as an unknown for the first stop on the Penn Circuit. Gomez waded through the qualifying and the main draw, and won the tournament by sweeping 11 straight matches. He finished the year ranked 64th in the world and early in 1980 went to the finals of a \$50,000 Grand Prix event in Sarasota, losing to Eddie Dibbs. Similarly, young John Sadri played against McEnroe in the finals of the NCAA tournament in 1978, losing a close match, and then went on the satellite circuit. It took him two years to work his way up in the standings, until at the end of 1979 he was a finalist at the Australian Open. In March, Sadri was ranked fifth in the Volvo standings. Many of the players in Hialeah thought that if they stood in the rain long enough, they might catch the same sort of lightning.

The tournament was being played at the Goodlet Tennis Center, a public facility set among stark, empty fields of white limestone and coral. On the first afternoon of qualifying, Chip showed up early for his opening match, and while he waited he surveyed the players sitting in a covered patio area. Most of them had lost earlier, and they looked as if they had stepped out of one of those photographs of shocked and fatigued Vietnam combat troops, their heads drooping, eyes vacant. For a loser in the first round of qualifying, unless he had a high national ranking or was well fixed financially, the tour was in all probability over, because he couldn't enter qualifying for the rest of the circuit's Florida segment. Take the case of Khefil Lakdar of Belgium. Earlier in the week, while he slept in the Miami airport, his bag containing \$3,000 in cash and traveler's checks had been stolen, he said. Now he was left

continued



Perched behind his van, Mark Burchett, a pro from Chicago, supe al fresco in a Hialeah parking lot.



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PENN CIRCUIT

Continued

with \$850, but his airplane ticket home would cost \$750. Lakdar's dilemma was that he would have to wait four weeks until the circuit began its next segment, in Louisiana, and he had only \$100 on which to live until then. At that, he was better off than a doleful fellow from Panama who had stood in the tennis center parking lot earlier that morning, asking to borrow \$7 so he would have enough money to pay his \$10 entry fee.

There are a million sad or absurd stories on the Penn Circuit. One of the favorites is the tale of Charlie Owens and the telephone. The court-side phone began to ring during a match Owens was playing, and he hit a high lob, ran over, picked up the receiver and said, "Hold on." Then he scampered back to retrieve his opponent's return. Owens hit another high lob and ran to the phone. "I'll be right with you." This sequence was repeated several times before the other player finally snatched away one of Owens' lobs. The players laugh whenever the story is retold, but they most enjoy the kicker—that Owens is now on the Grand Prix circuit. He got off the street to now here, and that's the best part of all.

According to the players, none of them belongs on the Penn Circuit, or ever suspected he would be there. Each is waiting for his big break, getting together a portfolio and hoping for the day when his "look," or playing style, will come into vogue. Until then, each anticipates "a lucky draw," a succession of opponents so ineffectual that his ensuing series of wins will propel him upward. Borg hits with top spin, so Chap was trying to change his game from the classic, hard and flat shots his father taught him back at the country club. On the satellite trail, an inordinate number of players use oversized Prince rackets because, as with vitamins and religion, there is no evidence that they hurt you, and there remains the possibility they will help.

Because Hialeah was the opening tournament of the season, anyone with a racket, tennis shoes and a dream could enter. After five rounds, 16 qualifiers would join the exempt players, those ranked about 200th or better on the computer, in the 64-man tournament the

following week. Qualifiers would have to pay \$10 to play the main event, and they'd be happy to pay it.

Money was of minor consideration for those entering the qualifying, perhaps because they generally had so little of it. Thus, fans who find the hyper-inflation of big-time tennis prize money disturbing should find solace in the Penn Circuit. No money is awarded for victories in the qualifying. In the main tournament at Hialeah, first-round losers were to be paid



"Tennis" is all ears when it comes to his sport

a piddling \$28, and the winner of the tournament could count on only \$1,120, which, if he happened to have worked his way up through the qualifying, meant he would earn about \$100 for each match won. "It's a one-way street for most guys," says one of the circuit's officials. "They think it leads somewhere, but it doesn't. All they do is keep going up and down the street."

From a distance, tennis appears to be a wonderful world of strawberries and cream, of royalty at court-side and Cheryl Tiegs on the disco floor. The satellite circuit offers a chance to sneak in the back door of this dreamworld, and John Lackey was representative of the players in Hialeah who thought they could crack the game's exclusivity—if only he could get past the security guard at the gate.

Lackey is 35 years old, and his most recent residence was Williamson, W. Va., a small coal-mining town, where he worked for the Federal Government on a disaster-relief team. Lackey, a lawyer by profession, associates the times and places of his life with disasters. Louisville, 1974, tornado. Detroit, 1976, flood. He decided to take up tennis the year of the Detroit flood. He taught himself the game out of an instruction book.

He arrived in Hialeah driving a 1964 truck with, he said, about 120,000 miles on it. He was worried, not because he had to sleep in the truck each night, but because it had snowed in Williamson a month before, and he hadn't practiced since then. Lackey reckoned that he was the first touring professional Williamson had ever had, because there were only four courts in the town. "Five, if you count the one an accountant has in the back of his house," he said.

After a few days of practice in Florida, it became apparent to Lackey that the competition was tougher than he had expected, that the opposition had almost as many tennis miles on them as his truck's odometer. "I couldn't believe these young boys' legs," said Lackey. "They were so strong, a lot stronger than mine. So I started doing knee bends, and after two days I could hardly walk." He also developed a severe case of sunburn, and his forehead was blotched and peeling.

Lackey is a bearded, serious fellow with long hair that brushes his shoulders, and while playing he wears a thick hairnet to keep his locks in place. And that isn't his only idiosyncrasy. He employs a bizarre, self-taught grip in which the racket handle extends several inches up his wrist. "I learned on my own," he explained. "I figured I could make the racket an exact extension of my arm, so I could swing it like I swing my arm. It's just like I've grown the racket from my hand to my elbow."

Playing in his first-round qualifying match with a racket he had picked up for \$19 at a local discount store, Lackey lost 6-0, 6-1. Later, he was philosophical about his plight. He had forsaken his girl friend and a job paying about \$30,000 a year to play tennis. But losing in the first

Continued



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PENN CIRCUIT

continued

round meant he wouldn't even be eligible for qualifying during the rest of the circuit. For the rest of the week he slept in his truck, ate his meals in a cafeteria and hung around the courts, watching tennis and hoping for some practice time. For him the week was just another disaster, and, after all, he pointed out, he was accustomed to those

Chip and the other players knew that to avoid disaster on the Penn Circuit you had to give to get, and so out in the parking lot of the Goodlet Tennis Center were an array of vans, campers and tents, many of them with extension cords connected to the main building's power supply so their inhabitants could cook on hot plates. And when they weren't eating, playing or resting, the players were working out, running wind sprints or doing leg kicks, stretching tight muscles. It was a Spartan existence. Every morning at eight o'clock Mike Julia, the tournament director, was confronted with a line of

players, half of them waiting to charge onto the courts for a few minutes of practice, the others about to rush into the locker room for showers that would wash away the sweat of a three-mile dawn run.

The parking lot was the tournament's shantytown; the dilapidated state of many of the mobile homes made it look like something out of *Grapes of Wrath*. In fact, Brian Earley, the Penn Circuit tour director, said he almost felt embarrassed to drive his Mercedes into the lot each morning. Even so, the players there were better off than those sleeping six to a room at motels for \$9 a head per night, to say nothing of those who simply took their sleeping bags out into the surrounding fields and bedded down.

One of those traveling by van was Mark Rath, 27, who had a cottage industry going in the parking lot—stringing rackets. This is Rath's third year on tennis' back roads, and he admits the trip has been rough. He gauges his progress by noting that last year, "I missed getting an ATP point by one match in two different segments."

Rath, who is originally from Detroit, has curly black hair, a mustache and a thickening middle that he explains away by saying, "It isn't that my waist's so big but that my chest's so small." In his van are cartons of low-fat milk, peanut butter and strawberry jam, plus the obligatory book on concentration. He said he was holding his expenses to about \$50 a week, partly by changing the oil in the van himself and making sure his engine was in tune. "There are a lot of players out here, and all of us are hungry," he said. "I lost today, but I shouldn't have. I had a 4-1 lead in the first set, then I let up a bit and he got a little confidence back. I blew it. Never give a sucker an even break. I gave him a break and it hurt me. Now I'm trying to decide whether to go back home and practice with my coach or stay here and string rackets. I do about three rackets a day. Any more, and I wouldn't have time to practice. And if I don't have time to practice, what's the use of being here? Right now one of my big problems is that I'm almost out of gut. When it goes, that's it. I just can't afford to buy more of it."

Many satellite players cannot afford to use gut, which gives a better "feel" than cheaper nylon stringing. To compensate, some of them string their rackets half with gut, half with nylon. These tend to

be the same guys who put glue across the toes of their tennis shoes where they show wear, and at each tournament the first consideration of these impoverished players is picking up the free T shirt to which they are entitled.

Chip has never wanted to learn how to string a racket or put on a new grip. Club pros like his father string rackets. Players like Borg have someone do it for them. And Chip doesn't have to worry about getting equipment, because he is a member of the ATP, his world ranking having once been better than 200. That means he still receives free clothing from Adidas, and manufacturers remain fairly generous with rackets and balls.

From his relatively exalted station, Chip cynically regarded the young players milling around the tournament draw-sheets posted outside the locker rooms in Hialeah. They were figuring the odds, which said that for every John Sadri who made it out of the parking lot, 1,000 players didn't. And so they sifted through the draw-sheets, checked the dog-eared computer standings and studied the entry lists for the next tournament. Circuit players sarcastically refer to this as "piling up indirect wins," figuring out that the player who beat them once beat someone else who beat someone else. . . . In reality, they were searching for a shred of evidence that what they were doing made sense.

Chip thought back to his first pro tournament and how naive and unsuspecting he had been. He had changed. The Penn Circuit does that to you. Chip knew that good friends would cheat each other for a computer point. He had observed it, had seen buddies almost come to blows during a match. In qualifying, there are no umpires—except when a player requests one to arbitrate a disputed call—and the players call their own lines, which sometimes leads to cheating. Some players have even been known to sabotage an opponent's racket by pouring a soft drink on the strings just before a match.

Looking back, Chip could see how it was almost preordained that he would win in Hialeah on this particular week. Sure, his father had stuck the racket in his hand when he was five, but Chip realized now that he hadn't played only to please his father, though the old man certainly was proud he had. No, he had enjoyed it. loved the feeling of the ball coming cleanly off his strings. But he had never liked

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Another lot prospect laid out by the circuit

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PENN CIRCUIT

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the competition, right from the time he played in his first tournament, a local 10-and-under event. He was seven years old, and after he won his match he felt like crying because he knew tomorrow he would have to play again. It was the fear of losing that bothered him. Winning never could erase tomorrow.

But he played because, after all, he was a natural. Anyone who knew anything about tennis saw that. He was always highly ranked as a junior, and he played well in college. So few people suspected what he knew—that he lacked the killer instinct. He didn't want to make the commitment to get out there and fight and scrap and, yes, even hate, to do whatever one had to do to make it to the top. Part of the reason he went to college was to delay the decision to turn pro for a few years. And when he did go on the circuit and moved up to the Grand Prix, he refused to let the subsequent losses bother him, because if he did he knew he would have to change. He would have to make the game an obsession or give it up, and either way, he didn't know if he could live with himself. And so he'd come off the court and go to a telephone and call his father to tell him how he did. Week by week he could hear the disappointment growing at the other end of the line. And as his ranking continued to drop he came to realize that he wasn't good enough. So he went back to college, as much to hide as to finish the work for his degree.

It was while practicing with his old college team that his right knee started to bother him. At first he paid it no attention. But finally one morning he could barely walk. It was swollen. A doctor drained it and said that the cartilage was disintegrating and that he probably would need an operation. But that was the last thing he wanted. A knee operation would be the end of him. At his age, he couldn't afford to take a year off, and besides very few players fully recover from such an operation. With all of its cutting back and forth, the sport is simply too strenuous. So, just as he had disguised his fear of losing, he now hid his knee injury. No one knew about it. He didn't wear a brace on the court, and after matches he sneaked off by himself to ice the knee, because he knew that if the other players found out about his injury they would be like sharks around blood. They would

work on this weakness, hitting drop shots and lobs, moving him around the court, hitting behind him when it meant he would have to plant his right foot solidly. The important thing was to get through the qualifying this week and into the main draw. The Hialeah tournament was being played on hard courts, the worst possible surface for his knee, but for the next two weeks the tournaments were scheduled for softer clay. If he could do well this week he was sure he would be all right on clay.

On the satellite circuit they say that you can check a player's wallet and predict whether he'll make it on the tour. If he doesn't have any kind of credit card, he's probably underfinanced and doesn't have a chance, because the nights of sleeping in his car will eventually wear him down. If he has an American Express card, his parents or a sponsor are funding him, and he won't be hungry enough to make it. The players to watch out for, this line of reasoning goes, are those with one bank charge card. They are sponsoring themselves. A bank card was the only one Chip had with him. And he was watching his expenses. In fact he had hit upon a scheme to get his meals half price, a proposition based upon the premise that, to busy waitresses, all tennis players look alike. Chip and another player of similar height and coloring used the scam at motel buffets. One would go into the dining room carrying a tennis bag and be seated. After finishing most of his food, he would walk out, leaving behind the tennis bag. Then the other player would sit in the same seat and go through the buffet line as if he were the first guy getting a second helping. The waitress wouldn't give him a second glance when he paid the bill.

The player who is probably the reigning authority on satellite-tour life is George Lea, a 33-year-old pro from Vancouver, British Columbia who has played the circuit for seven years and never survived the qualifying, which means that he never has earned a check. The other players regard a match with Lea as a workout on the light bag.

Lea doesn't much care how they feel. For him the circuit affords a chance to escape Canada's harsh winters, an opportunity for competition before he returns to a summer of lifeguarding or teaching tennis. He thinks many of the players

ought to pack up their dreams. "There are only four or five guys here who are going to make any money," he says. "There's no circuit as tough as this one. Most of the guys aren't being realistic. If you haven't made it by 18 in tennis, you don't have much hope of earning a living by playing. Down here, you're a little fish in a little pond." As he spoke, a fellow on a nearby court was losing a match 6-0, 6-0. After the player blew the final point, he walked over to a low mesh fence, smashed his racket on it and then stalked off, carrying the racket as if it were a dead chicken with a broken neck. Bystanders could hear his girl friend running after him, yelling, "That was my racket. You owe me a racket." She didn't sound pleased.

Lea has witnessed two occasions when players fought on the court. "It's one on one, survival of the fittest," he says. "When it gets near the end of a segment and the matches are really important, a guy will try to help others beat someone ahead of him in the standings. He'll give them advice, or practice with them. And there are a lot of ways to intimidate players and get them uptight during matches. You can sit on the sidelines and clap when the guy you're rooting against double-faults. Stuff like that.

"When you're in a big match you can intimidate a guy easy. Every time the ball is close, give him a suspicious look when he makes his call. Then you make him feel like a heel for questioning one of your calls. Just keep him on the defensive the whole match. Don't talk to him at all. Just ignore him. Never call a ball 'out,' simply signal instead. And if you're going to cheat, do it late in the match. If you do it early, the guy will complain and call for an umpire. Or worse, he'll turn around and cheat you."

There is a theory that the amount of glamour attendant on a sporting event is in direct relation to the number of beautiful women in the stands. Using this formula, the Penn Circuit, especially during qualifying, is a no-glamour event. Despite the fact there were several hundred young, athletic and attractive men in the Hialeah tournament, there wasn't the slightest hint of perfume in the stands during the qualifying. In fact, except for a few travel-in girl friends, the only unattached female within miles was a poor creature who had been sentenced to sell hot dogs and soft drinks in the tempo-

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PENN CIRCUIT

continued

rary concession stand outside the courts. And even she didn't pay the players much attention: after all, she was earning more selling hot dogs than they were playing pro tennis.

For the most part, the Penn Circuit attracts only the hard-core tennis wacko. The casual tennis enthusiast not only doesn't attend the tournaments, but doesn't know they're being played. At Hialeah there were few spectators. In fact, for the early days the only person on hand who wasn't a relative or close friend of a player was a tall, shirtless fellow who wandered around outside the courts, peering through the windscreens at the action. Asked his name, he said, "Have A Name. That's my last name. My first is, I don't. Actually, you can call me 'Tennis.' Boy, this game keeps you alive. I play every day. I start playing at six or seven in the morning. Play here a lot, but I didn't enter the tournament because I don't want to interrupt my schedule. How old am I? It doesn't matter. I get up each morning and start over. I figure it's death when I go to sleep, and it's life when I wake up."

"Tennis" had picked an appropriate alias, because he could rattle off tournament results and recite statistics as if he had written the USTA handbook. Moreover, he knew many of the players at Hialeah by sight, a fact almost as odd as the balls of cotton stuck in his ears. These, he explained, were "to diffuse the sound waves. Too many sounds in this country. You don't need 'em. What we need are more tennis courts. I'd like to bulldoze that school over there and build 100 tennis courts."

"Tennis" was interrupted by arguing voices. By looking through the windscreen it could be determined that there was a debate over the score of a match. Said one player to the tournament official who had arrived to mediate, "Someone's spaced out and it's not me."

That afternoon a reporter from a local newspaper came out to interview a player. Mike Sassano, the circuit's assistant tour director, suggested he speak with Chip, who had breezed through the first three rounds of qualifying and, almost as good, finally had found a motel room. Chip told the writer, "I hate this circuit, to put it mildly. It's so competitive that it'll either make you or break you. If I can't be in the upper echelons, I don't want to do this. I'll give it two good years,

and if I'm not top 50 in the world, I'm going to bag it."

Just then a frustrated player sailed a racket over a fence. Chip and the reporter watched it windmill through the air. "See," said Chip. "That's what the tour will do to you."

It felt good to talk like this, to reaffirm, in his own mind at least, that for him it would never come down to throwing rackets. Chip had won his first three matches so easily that his bad knee felt as if it had undergone successful therapy. Of course, his opponents had been young and inexperienced. That would change the following day when Chip would play a tour veteran with a history of engaging in outrageous antics. Other players had given this fellow a wide berth ever since the time in Europe when he lost a match, took all six of his rackets and broke them over his knee, and then stood on his head for five minutes. At Hialeah, someone had asked this player what life on the Penn Circuit was like. He answered softly, his words punctuated with intermittent silences: "It's hard here to keep a conception of what reality is. . . . Sometimes you get a thought on this circuit and you think it has some context or relation with reality. . . . Then later you look back . . . and realize you were wrong and say to yourself: 'I was really out of touch with what reality is.' You realize . . . that you're not in reality at all."

Chip beat the eccentric easily, although throughout the match his opponent acted as if there were some alien being inside of him. After a missed shot he would yell, "Get out of me!" Later Chip told friends, "It was like something out of *The Exorcist*."

The next day Chip faced a young player from a local college who had entered the tournament as a lark. Early in the match the younger player made several suspect calls, but Chip didn't protest. He was playing well, and as the match progressed, his opponent came to realize the inevitability of the result.

Chip rolled through the first set, and his confidence was mounting. Then it happened. He ran for a ball he should have let pass and managed to get his racket on it, at the same time making a sharp stop and scrambling to get back into position. His bum knee reacted as if it had been kicked. It didn't collapse, but it felt as if it might, and now with a 4-2 lead

in the second set, Chip knew that the throbbing would only get worse.

Even more disturbing was the certainty that if he lost this set, he could kiss off any chance of winning the next one because in about 40 minutes he was barely going to be able to walk. Indeed, Chip's opponent seemed to sense that something was wrong, and now he was jerking Chip around the court, hitting soft dinks and lobs, moving him up and back.

The only thing Chip could do was try to end each point as quickly as possible: using this strategy he won one of the next three games, making the score 5-4. Now his knee was really hurting. In fact, he couldn't disguise his slight limp when the players changed sides. The only thing he had going for him was that he was serving for the match.

Playing aggressively, Chip quickly knocked off the first two points with sharp volleys, but then he netted a low return and, on the next point, got involved in a baseline rally that he lost. He won the next point, and now he could wrap up the match. He breathed deeply as he prepared to serve and, taking his time, carefully hit the ball down the middle, hoping to nick the service line. He was wide. On his second serve, Chip was startled to see his opponent take a couple of steps forward and catch the ball early. The return, powerful and flat, headed for the corner of the deuce court. And Chip's opponent was following the shot to the net. All of this happened, of course, in a second, but later it seemed to Chip as if time had slowed almost to the point of stopping. He remembered moving to his right and realizing that he could get to the ball, but to do so would mean hitting it off the wrong leg, his right one, and then trying to scramble back to the middle of the court. He knew his knee wouldn't let him do it.

As he went for the ball, all sorts of things flashed through his mind. Or maybe they really didn't, maybe he had been thinking of this moment for a long time, because he had changed. The shot was close, right on the edge of the sideline. In fact, and Chip did the only thing he could, because he had been up this road before and back down, and now he was going up it for the last time. His father, and anyone else who played the game the way you had to play it, would understand. In a loud and clear voice, Chip yelled, "Out!"

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Yesterday

by BILL COLSON

AT 98, THIS FORMER OLYMPIAN JUST KEEPS PADDLIN' AWAY. FAR FAR AWAY

For nearly 30 years, beginning in the late 1920s, Bob Zimmerman made his living as a lecturer, both on the Chautauque circuit and for the Chicago and Rochester, N.Y. School Assembly associations. Posters urged folks to hear about the MOST DANGEROUS JOB IN THE WORLD... NOTED SWIMMER AND DEEP-SEA DIVER TELLS OF ADVENTURE ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR... UNIQUE! AMAZING! THRILLING! GRIPPING! SPECTACULAR! EXHIBIT AND STORY!

And what tales Zimmerman would tell. Stories about this century's first great swimmers, Charlie Daniels and others; about battling barracudas in the Atlantic and rapids on the St. Lawrence; about searching for sunken treasure; about making the first underwater motion picture and single-handedly saving a film crew from drowning during a hurricane.

Today, at 98, Zimmerman is believed to be the oldest living Olympian in North America. When people attain Zimmerman's age society tends to let them say what they please, secure in the knowledge that they can't do much to promote any eccentric ideas they might have. Figure again with Zimmerman, a widower who lives in La Belle, Fla., with his daughter and son-in-law. He still gives an occasional lecture, teaches swimming and experiments with coaching techniques. Last summer he wrote a letter to the U.S. Olympic Committee, encouraging American swimmers to grow longer fingernails for better pull in the water. He suggested training exercises that would bend the feet back and thus improve leg drive. He even proposed grafting skin between the swimmers' fingers to give their hands a webbed-foot effect. He's still awaiting a reply from the USOC.

But lately Zimmerman has been more concerned with his own training regimen. His day commences when his son-in-law

drives him the six miles from their cramped trailer home to the Caloosahatchee River, where he paddles his 16-foot canoe for three or four hours. Zimmerman's goal is to make a solo crossing of Lake Okechobee when he turns 100 in December of next year. He figures it will take him that long to get into condition for the 35-mile paddle. "It'll sound great to say I've done it at 100, won't it?" he says. "I do a lot of crazy things, and this is just the most recent."

Before deciding that Zimmerman is indeed off his rocker, keep in mind that he isn't your ordinary, run-of-the-mill monogamian marathon canoeist. Between 1904 and 1914 Zimmerman won a total of 23 Canadian national swimming and diving championships. One year he took first place in the 50-, 100- and 220-yard freestyle and in fancy diving, and placed second in the underwater swim—all in a single night. Admittedly, that was a while ago, but like his boyhood hero, the physical culturist Bernarr Macfadden, Zimmerman has remained an amazing physical specimen. He has never indulged in alcohol or tobacco, and with his taut bronze skin and a chest the size of a beer keg, he looks as if he could swim across Lake Okechobee. He has made the canoe trip three times before, at ages 84, 85 and 88. The most recent of those crossings, his fastest, took him nearly 15 hours, during which time he made 30,000 strokes with his paddle. He estimates his next crossing will take 20 hours, which would still be a day at the beach compared with the voyages he used to make.

For example, in 1924, at age 42, Zimmerman

canoeed from New York City to Louisville, "I paddled 142 miles upstream on the Hudson to Albany, where I connected with the Erie Canal," he says. "I then went the 350 miles to Lake Erie, paddled about 60 miles down the shore of the lake, toted my canoe eight miles overland to Chautauque Lake and headed down the Allegheny River and into the Ohio. The Allegheny and Ohio were so convoluted that the trip I'd estimated at 1,300 miles turned out to be 1,700."

When he was 24, Zimmerman and a friend decided to shoot all the rapids on the 185-mile stretch of the St. Lawrence between Kingston, Ontario and Montreal. A DESPERATE CANOE TRIP—MAN MIGHT JUST AS WELL TRY TO GO THROUGH A SALISAGE MACHINE was the way one newspaper described the pair's assault on the world-renowned but, because of the advent of the St. Lawrence Seaway, no longer extant Long Sault Rapids. "As we approached those rapids people on piers yelled at us to come ashore. Some even threw ropes," Zimmerman recalls, "but the river was smooth as a millpond, and we were blissfully ignorant. Suddenly we hit a 10-foot wave. We went into it at about 20 mph, and there began 12 miles of fiendish waves, rocks and whirlpools."

"The next day we found out that a local had telephoned Cornwall, Ontario authorities to report on two darned fools who were surely drowned. The Cornwall people called Montreal and found that boatmen had picked up two paddles but no bodies. Thirty years later when I visited Cornwall they were still talking about the two young fools who shot the rapids way back when."

That was in 1906. Zimmerman was then living in Montreal, where, while working full time as a draftsman, he made his name as an athlete. In addition to his swimming and diving feats, he held membership on seven national championship teams—baseball, football, basketball, water polo, wacanoeing, bowling and hockey—in one year, but he admits he was merely a substitute on some of them.

"In those days you didn't have to compete for just one club," he explains. "I performed for whichever club was the best in each sport. I used

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YESTERDAY *continued*

to train for three events almost every night."

The Boston Red Sox thought enough of Zimmerman as a pitcher to give him a shot, but he broke his arm playing hockey shortly before the tryout. He also won amateur bowling tournaments all over the eastern U.S. and led Canada's best water-polo team ever, the Montreal Swimming Club, to 51 straight victories between 1905 and 1912. For most of those years Zimmerman was Montreal's No. 1 scorer and enforcer.

"Back then you could hold a man under water so long that they'd have to lay him on the side of the pool to recover," he says. "Sometimes players would try to sneak into the water before their penalty period was up. When I caught them I just held 'em under for a minute or two with a scissors hold."

While playing with the Montreal swim club, Zimmerman represented Canada at two Olympics, despite being born "somewhere around Chicago" and never becoming a Canadian citizen. "They never asked, and I never said anything," he says. At the 1908 Games in London, Zimmerman remembers finishing "about 10th" in the diving and getting "soundly licked" in the 100. Charlie Daniels, the greatest swimmer of the era and the perfecter of the American crawl, won the gold medal in the 100 that year. "Charlie stepped up to the pool with a cigarette hanging from his mouth," says Zimmerman. "When the starter called, 'On your marks,' he took one last puff. At 'Get set' he tossed the cigarette aside—and then he won going away."

Zimmerman never won an Olympic medal—at least not of the gold, silver or bronze variety—but he came close at the Stockholm Games in 1912. He finished fifth in springboard diving, despite competing on the final day with a badly sprained ankle and, he says, "making more mistakes than a dog has fleas. I didn't have a coach—never did. As a consolation prize the King of Sweden presented me with a hard-luck medal."

Zimmerman didn't compete in any swimming events at Stockholm. "By that time they'd gone way by me," he recalls, "especially my roommate, George Hodgson." Canada's only Olympic swimming champion, Hodgson set five world records in Stockholm, in part thanks to Zimmerman. "I had shown George the crawl," he says. "He used it only for the first two lengths and the last one in the

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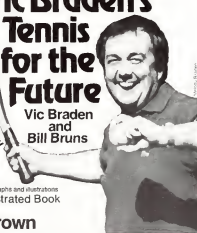
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YESTERDAY continued

1,500, but he still won easily. Nobody thought you could swim that stroke for more than 400 yards. Too exhausting to bring both hands out of the water. Impossible, they said." Over the years Zimmerman's swimming protégés would include several world and U.S. and Canadian national record holders, as well as Mike Peppe, the legendary Ohio State coach.

Zimmerman left Montreal for good in 1915 and headed for Chicago in a canoe with \$7.50. That was the first of a half-dozen times he would find himself broke. "I was always ready to quit a job to do nothing," he says, meaning he was never one to bypass a chance to pick up some easy cash or have a good time. In 1927, in Miami, he billed himself as "The Masked Marvel" to drum up publicity and entrants for a 20-mile swim with a \$500 first prize. He won and didn't have to reveal his identity, but he never got the money. One time, in Joplin, Mo., a man bet Zimmerman that he couldn't swim 150 yards with his feet tied together and both hands bound behind his back. "That was the easiest hundred I ever made," Zimmerman says.

But he saved his best stunts for the movies. In 1915 John Williamson, a pioneer in the development of underwater motion pictures, offered him a job as a double on the original English version of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. In one scene Zimmerman had to stage a fight on a yardarm 65 feet above the water and then get knocked off. "It was good pay," he says, "and we got \$25 extra every time we had to go down in a self-contained diving suit." Soon, Zimmerman was Williamson's assistant in charge of all underwater work.

Zimmerman worked on nine films, including *Wet Gold*, the 1917 version of *Treasure Island* and *The Submarine Eye*. His final movie was based on another Jules Verne work, *The Mysterious Island*, and starred Lionel Barrymore. It was shot 60 miles southwest of Nassau in 1926, the year of the Great Hurricane that claimed 114 lives in the Miami area and reduced the city to rubble.

"Six of us were on a 60-footer that was anchored in 18 feet of water, about 160 yards from the photo barge, a much larger vessel," Zimmerman says. "With no radio on location, we had no way of knowing a storm was coming. When the wind picked up to 40 mph, we put out seven anchors. The photo barge put out 14. Suddenly the wind went up to 60

mph. The barge crew tried to reach us in their dinghies, but the wind made it impossible. There was a lifeboat tied to our stern, but when I returned from putting four more anchors out, I saw that the wind had destroyed it.

"A couple of hours later the wind changed direction and reached its maximum velocity of 120 mph. We were yawing back and forth like a horizontal pendulum and getting closer and closer to the barge. Skip [Williamson] and I knew that if the barge hit us, it would break us into kindling wood. Our only hope was to cut some of its anchor lines so that it could swing away from us.

"I jumped overboard and headed for the barge. Fortunately, my water-polo days had given me good training in breath control and survival in rough waters. I cut the lines, but not before being washed over the bow and slammed into a tower on the deck. Although I felt no pain at the time, I later found out that I had broken several ribs.

"Somehow I made it back to the boat, and we rode out the storm. However, our main props—a sunken galleon and an enormous fake octopus—were both destroyed. We had to finish the picture on land in Hollywood with some very unreal underwater scenes.

"I landed in Miami, and three months later I received my prize possession, an Elgin pocket watch inscribed PRESENTED TO BOB ZIMMERMAN, FOR HIS HISTORIC SWIMMING ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1916, SAVING LIVES AND MARINE EQUIPMENT—GRATEFULLY, SAM GOLDWYN."

Shortly afterward, Zimmerman began his stint as a lecturer. Between lecture tours he lived in a wooden bungalow on Andros Island in the Bahamas and roamed the ocean floor in search of sunken treasure, coral and anything else of value. Most of what he found he sold; the rest either became part of his lecture exhibit or ended up in the Hall of Ocean Life at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Another of Zimmerman's projects was building a circular underwater house off Key Largo, Fla. in 1946. He was nearly finished when a tornado wiped it out. "It had 16 windows and would have had the most beautiful view in the world," he says. "I would have charged admission."

That's about the only time nature has gotten the best of Zimmerman. The smart money says it won't happen again—not even on Lake Okechobee. **END**

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**Dr. David M. Anderson,
Corporate Director,
Environmental Affairs**

"The thousand people I'm talking about actively work at improving the environment.

About four hundred of them—scientists, engineers and technicians—develop, design and operate Bethlehem Steel's environmental control program.

And about six hundred of them—in our plants, mines and shipyards—monitor, maintain and repair the hundreds of pollution control facilities Bethlehem has installed.

We're proud of our accomplishments in cleaning up the air and water.

We've come a long way since 1946, when Bethlehem began its formal environmental control program. Today we're removing about 95 percent of the pollutants from our air emissions and water discharges.

**Innovative technology
and a lot of money help.**

The equipment you see behind me is typical of the

innovative technology needed to satisfy today's environmental standards.

It's called a 'one-spot' coke pushing emission control car. And right now it's helping to solve a pollution-control problem that's plagued us for years: capturing and cleaning the emissions produced when coke is pushed from a coke oven.

Our Bethlehem, Pa., plant was the first steel mill to operate this system. We're installing similar units at our coke ovens in Lackawanna, N.Y., and Sparrows Point, Md. Each of these units costs us more than \$5 million."

**Bethlehem's commitment:
to do what is necessary
to protect public health.**

We've made substantial progress in controlling pollution, but we haven't finished the job. We've already spent \$700 million for pollution control equipment and we may have to spend several hundred million more in the years ahead.

But we believe there's a limit. To require industry to "purify" the air and water beyond what is necessary to protect health does not make good economic or energy sense.

A balance must be struck between an absolutely pure environment and a healthy environment, so that the economy of this nation has the opportunity to thrive.

Our position is clearly explained in our *Statement on Environmental Control*. If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

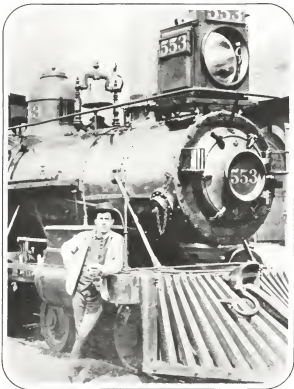
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Coke, used in blast furnaces to produce iron, is made from coal baked in airtight ovens at temperatures up to 2000 F. The "one-spot" coke pushing emission control system is a mobile unit made up of a 33-foot-long coke receiving car and an 83-foot-long air pollution control car. As the coke is pushed from an oven into the receiving car, a high-pressure hot-water ejector creates a vacuum and evacuates and cleans the gases during the push. Evacuation continues as the system transports the coke to the quenching tower. These captured gases are cleaned by the scrubbing system in the control car before they are released into the atmosphere.



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'cause Weed had traded all the
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and a French piano."*

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouzay Railroad



The Baltimore Archive, Inc.

Fact was...he was a lot more than a railroad man. He was a man with real good taste. Yet he always liked a good prank. As long as it was done with class. Jeremiah Weed. He was full of surprises.

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FOR THE BIRDS

Sir

My congratulations on Jonathan Yardley's article (Gimme an D... April 7). It was an outstanding piece of work. He put into writing what many of us Orioles fans experienced in 1979. I, like Yardley, was permanently bound to the Birds by that unforgettable Detroit series in June.

Aho, I was happy to see that you pointed out in your scouting report that, despite the Orioles' great record last year, many of their players had off-seasons or had not yet reached their potential. I thought I was the only one who realized that!

JENNIFER DARLING
Beltsville, Md.

Sir

I commend Jonathan Yardley for putting into words feelings I had thought could never be expressed. I missed only five Oriole home games in 1979, and I was one of those cheering from Section 34. I take offense only at the generalization that the "youthful exuberance" of Section 34 was "fueled by weed and brew." Our enthusiasm was fueled by the excitement generated on the field.

CAROL BOSTHORN
Baltimore

Sir

As a lifelong Tiger fan, I grew up hating the Orioles the way some people hate the Yankees, and yet I got goose bumps reading Jonathan Yardley's story about what happened in Baltimore last year. The article brought back memories of 1968, when Al Kaline led the Tigers to the world championship.

Now, however, I am a former Tiger fan—I disowned them when they traded Ron LeFlore last December—and I almost find myself rooting for these "damn Orioles" to go all the way.

ROBERT L. SCHULTZMAN JR.
Jenison, Mich.

CAROLINA POINTS

Sir

Heinz Klutmeier's cover photograph of St. Louis' Keith Hernandez (April 7) was perfect. So were the inside photos and the descriptions of Hernandez and teammate Garry Templeton (Stars of the '80s, April 7).

In answer to your cover question "Who is Keith Hernandez?", everybody will know who all the Cardinals are by the end of the season.

STEVE SNYDER
St. Louis

Sir

Never mind who Keith Hernandez is and what he is doing hitting .344. What's he do-

ing winning the MVP award? San Diego's Dave Winfield deserved it.

SCOTT FURTHUMBL
Utica, N.Y.

Sir

Your colorful picture of Keith Hernandez could more aptly have been titled, "Who Is Keith Hernandez and What Is He Doing Making \$3.8 Million Over Five Years?"

GRAYLE BOWLETT
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir

You are aware that this is the second time that a strike, or the threat of one, has dampened fans' excitement on Opening Day, but do you know that on both occasions, in 1972 and 1980, you featured a St. Louis Cardinal on the cover of your Baseball Issue (Joe Torre and Keith Hernandez)? In each case the player was the reigning National League MVP and batting champion (Torre with .363 in 1971, and Hernandez with .344 last year). Moreover, both times Pittsburgh was the reigning champion, having defeated Baltimore in seven games in the World Series.

JONATHAN S. ETKIN
New London, Conn.

OUT OF THE CROWD

Sir

Your cover shot of NCAA champion Louisville's Darrell Griffith (March 31) was not only spectacular, but it also offered an interesting sidelight. In just a year Darren Daye, the UCLA freshman shown attempting to stop Griffith, has risen from FACES in THE CROWD (March 12, 1979) to your cover.

JIM DORLETH
Ann Arbor, Mich.

GENETIC SELECTION

Sir

I am angered and deeply disappointed by Reggie Jackson's apparent endorsement of selective breeding of athletes (SCORECARD, April 7). Jackson should realize that genetic-selection programs of this sort traditionally have been aimed at eliminating or reducing the population of various ethnic and racial groups, including blacks. He should also be aware that his attitude contributes to the unfortunate public perception of professional athletes as only so much meat on the hoof.

AMY ROSENBERG
Austin, Texas

LOSER OR VICTIM? (CONT.)

Sir

The aspirations and frustrations of would-be football star Glenn Fletcher were rather pathetic as detailed in your March 31 issue (Sitting, Waiting and Hoping). However, the statement that Fletcher, who has used up his

NCAA eligibility, "longs for one more year of college football at an NAIA school..." no doubt raised questions in some readers' minds regarding the NAIA's eligibility rules.

Only student-athletes in good academic standing are eligible for regular-season and postseason competition in the NAIA. Good academic standing includes, satisfying the requirement of at least one semester of residency, full-time student (enrolled for 12 credits), evidence of normal academic progress (successful completion of 24 credits during the two preceding terms), and the completion of four seasons of eligibility in no more than 10 semesters of attendance at any institution.

WALLY SCHWARTZ
Assistant Executive Director
NAIA
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir

I have attended two high schools and a junior college and now attend a university where I am enrolled on a full football scholarship. Take it from me, you've got to get that education, because pro football is a dream game in which only a few make it.

BRYAN MOORE
Harrisonburg, Va.

THE MOSCOW GAMES (CONT.)

Sir

In regard to your fine coverage of the U.S. Olympic boycott, I have one question: In a country founded on freedom, does a President, who is ostensibly a staunch supporter of human rights, have the right to deny athletes the right to pursue a lifelong dream?

ROSS C. BROWNSON
Grand Junction, Colo.

Sir

Only about 23% of the people living in the U.S. have personal recollections of the 1936 Berlin Games, in which athletes performed before a backdrop of swastikas, iron crosses and vast displays of military might. To Nazi propaganda young Americans were used for Nazi propaganda had only to attend movie theaters where Paramount and Fox Movie-tone newsmen were weekly features.

The idea of unwary young Americans eagerly lending themselves to the production of television "commercials" filmed before similar trappings in Moscow is unthinkable to those of us who remember the films of the Berlin Games. It's not the way we want it, but history repeats itself because of the ignorance of those who haven't lived it.

ALBERT G. WILLIAMS JR.
Omaha

• See page 30 — ED

continued



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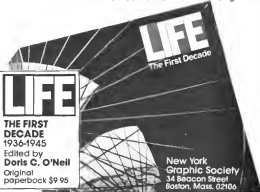


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18TH HOLE *continued*

SAD STORY (CONT.)

Sir:

I was deeply touched by Robert H. Boyle's poignant story depicting the life and death of Willie Classen (*No Man Was His Keeper*, March 24). It is the best piece of sportswriting I have seen in a while. Perhaps Boyle can start on a movie script. It is important to remember Classen and the archaic system that sent him to a tragic death.

MARK BENDA
Old Bridge, N.J.

Sir:

Your article on Willie Classen's death and the events leading up to it suggests that there may be some question as to who was ultimately responsible. But the facts indicate all of those named—and probably others not mentioned. Any of those listed in the story could have acted with the kind of courage shown by most fighters in the ring, but they showed no inclination to do so.

Though the article leaves a bitter taste, continued coverage of this tragic match is in order. Without further reporting, it's probable that nothing will change. I hope we'll never have to read a similar article about another fighter.

DENNIS R. MARBLE
Bangor, Maine

Sir:

The subhead on Robert Boyle's article about the death of Willie Classen reads: "There is blame and censure all around for the death of middleweight Willie Classen: a classic case for reform." I cannot disagree. However, Boyle goes on to name all of those people responsible for Classen's death—except one. Classen was not a thoroughbred horse whose life was completely controlled by his manager/trainer. Classen was a man, and though he was not the master of his fate, he at least had the final say on whom he fought and when. The bottom line is that Classen chose to fight Wilford Scypion. That decision cost him his life.

GLEN PICKLES
Los Angeles

Sir:

I can't believe the disorganization among the people in charge of the fight that night. There wasn't even an ambulance available. But I feel that the largest share of the blame should fall on Marco Minuto, Classen's manager, for letting Willie get in the ring after the beatings Classen had taken. Minuto could have demanded a thorough physical examination of his fighter. A man's life is far more important than the sport.

JOHN M. BARRY
Recording Secretary
Central Connecticut Boxing Team
Meriden, Conn.

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